

California Historical Society

Quarterly

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THE START OF "THE FRENCH REVOLUTION"

From *Scènes de la Vie Californienne*, by F. Gerstaecker.

California Historical Society

Quarterly

VOLUME XVII



NUMBER I

MARCH 1938

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

*Translated from the French of F. Gerstäcker's
Scènes de la Vie Californienne**

By GEORGE COSGRAVE

INTRODUCTION**

THE FEELING that Americans alone had the right to mine for gold in California was widespread among the '49ers. As early as February 11, 1849, at Panama, while he was en route to California to take up his duties as commanding general of the United States forces on the Pacific Coast, General Persifor F. Smith gave voice and semi-official sanction to this attitude. In an open letter to William Nelson, the United States Consul at Panama, General Smith wrote, "As nothing can be more unjust and immeasurable than for persons not citizens of the United States . . . to dig the gold found in California, on lands belonging to the American Government, and as such conduct is in direct violation of the laws, it will be my duty immediately upon arrival there, to put these laws in force to prevent any infraction thereof. . . ."

When the first Legislature met in San José, there was much discussion of the question, which finally took form in the Foreign Miners' Tax act passed April 13, 1850 (*Statutes of 1850*, Chap. 97, p. 221). The result of imposing a tax of twenty dollars a month upon non-American miners led to what was

**Scènes de la Vie Californienne*, traduites de l'Allemand par Gustave Revilliod, Genève, 1859. This was a translation from the German *Californische Skizzen*, von Friedrich Gerstäcker, Leipzig, 1856, the chapter included here being entitled, "Die französische revolution."

**Charles Howard Shinn, in his *Mining Camps* (New York, 1885), devotes a chapter to "The Difficulties with Foreigners in Various Camps" (pp. 212-24).

then known as the "Chilean War," during which various attempts were made to drive Chileans, Sonorans, French and others from the diggings. It is a phase of this tumult that "The French Revolution" depicts.

The new mines at Murphys, or Murphys New Diggings, as they are called by the Americans, Germans, French and Spanish, are situated on Angels Creek, which in its lower course empties into the Stanislaus River. These mines are due to steamlets which pour down from the neighboring hills and by their juncture form a flat or bar, an auriferous terrain of whose richness rumors have been spread that are truly fabulous. When this story begins, it was the middle of May. At that time there was an abundance of water in both the springs and streams, so much, in fact, that digging to any depth was impossible. All that could be done was to make preparations for the favorable season at the end of the summer, so that when the time came, work could begin in earnest. Pumps were being put in place to lower the water, and drainage canals were being dug.

While the miners or gold washers were busy with these various tasks, there was in the town of Murphys another category of men who endeavored no less actively to serve their own interests. These are known in the mines as storekeepers—dealers who go about, planting their tents near mines and miners, and selling the gold washers provisions of all kinds. Thus they spend their summer with the prospect of realizing big profits. Some far-seeing Yankees, in the town of which we are speaking, had set up a skittles game. About it, drinking places started up, and gamblers, those California vultures, gathered there from everywhere to try their luck in plucking their victims.

A great number of French, Basques for the most part, made Murphys their headquarters, and French shops were not slow in springing up side by side with those of the Americans. In the former, grisettes were to be found, women of middle age, one of whom, and it must be admitted the youngest, took pleasure in walking about in a short jacket and pantaloons and sporting a felt hat clapped jauntily on the side of her head, in order to attract the attention of the western pioneers who, newly arrived from their forests, could not understand why a woman could have the notion to garb herself in men's clothes.

We have said that at Murphys there were Germans, Spanish and English, but the French were most numerous, without doubt, for they alone made up three-quarters of the population of this small town. It was at this season, the last of April or the first of May, that the California Legislature passed a law by which all foreign gold diggers were made to pay a tax of twenty dollars a month; in default of which, if they did not or would not pay, they were to leave the diggings without other process of law and at once. If they were found digging elsewhere, it would be held to be a crime and punishable as such.

One may well imagine the effect that this law had upon the foreign miners. Even among the Americans there was a shaking of heads by the better class, who said that such a law could result only in riots and give rise to useless discontent. The French were the first to make an outcry, and called attention to themselves as much by their vituperations as by their lack of sound reasoning. They declared flatly that the law was infamous and resolved not to pay a single cent of tax.

Among the Germans were some Alsatians who joined forces with the French. The Basques armed themselves at once and decided that the best thing to do was to oppose the Americans. On their side, the Americans took not the least notice of these goings-on. The law was too recent for anyone to have recourse to an order of coercion. Collectors had been appointed to make a tour of the mines. Until they reached Murphys all that could be done was to wait.

It was an evening of great beauty in the latter half of May; the sun was about to set behind the gigantic pines which at that date crowned the hills near Murphys.

People were returning from work, and here and there white smoke came from the tents, rising from fires over which the miners were preparing their frugal evening meal.

From different sections of the town (the grouping of tents had been baptised with the name of Stoutenbourg), discordant and strange sounds reached the ear; the boom of a Chinese gong mingled with the sharp notes of a child's trumpet—such were the means the different restaurants took to announce to the public that supper was being served and that the proprietors awaited their customers. In this improvised and raucous concert the donkeys of the miners joined, to which must be added the chopping of wood and the refrains of French songs coming from nearby tents or brush. Groups came and went from shop to shop, that is to say, from tent to tent, laughing and gesticulating; twilight settled down; a few light clouds, gilded by the setting sun, floated in the sky; it was a scene to make even such poor devils forget the fatigues of the day and their worries for the morrow.

Nearly everywhere supper had long since begun. . . . But why have all these people remained motionless on the thresholds of their tents, talking and gesturing with so much animation?

"The French are doing a lot of jabbering together today," said a tall Texan to a Down Easter as tall as himself (Down Easter is the sobriquet given to true Yankees or to inhabitants of the northeast section of the Union). "Do you understand what they're saying?"

"What, me?" the Yankee replied, surprised that his companion could even imagine that he spoke French or any other language in the world but American. "Me? Do I understand their jabber? What they've got to say can't be very important."

"And how they go on with their arms and hands," added the Texan, returning to look at the group that they had just passed. "They'd have no fun without doing that. Tie a Frenchman's arms behind his back and you cut off his tongue."

Whereupon our two men entered an American gambling joint where they found none but compatriots, for whom the game had such a lively interest that it did not leave them time to do anything else.

The picture presented at the same time before one of the French tents, the dwelling of a certain Louis and a grisette to whom by courtesy all gave the title of Madame Louis, was quite different. The French, who were nearly all Basques, and the Germans, were talking with great animation; there were flare-ups of anger, and cries of "Scalawags! Help! Down with the Americans!" disclosed at once and without mistake what the subject was which agitated them. The conversation, in which the most diverse accents and dialects could be recognized, was carried on entirely in French, mixed, however, with a bit of Spanish. In the midst of the principal group there was a German named Fuchs (fox) sporting a long red beard; a little Basque slightly marked by smallpox, with pronounced features and a combative eye; also a tall Swiss draped in an Argentine poncho, a cutlass in his belt. Another Basque joined them, seizing M. Louis, the worthy host of the establishment, by the shoulders, so that he himself might confirm the news he had put into circulation.

"Come on, Louis," he cried excitedly, "Come on! Show them the letter we got today. They won't believe me."

"Yes, it's true," replied the other, who saw at once what was going on. "My wife has the letter."

"And what's in this letter?" the Swiss demanded.

"It's frightful! It's awful! It's terrible!" cried Fuchs.

"Quiet," cautioned the Swiss. "Come on, be quiet a bit, so we may hear. Who knows whether, after all, this story is not an exaggeration."

"An exaggeration," cried the Basque. "Madame Louis, be good enough to show us that letter for a moment."

"I am furious about it, Monsieur," replied Madame Louis, a rather feminine figure of about twenty-six years, with black eyes, tall and slim; and with these words she came out from behind the gaming table where she was serving her customers, to approach the group. "I am furious about it, but the two men who read me that letter had orders to keep it to take it to Angels Camp."

"And the contents?"

"The contents, in two words, was the following: "The Americans in Sonora have laid violent hands on the French who are refusing to pay the tax. Two of them and a German are in prison; it is expected that, contrary to the law of nations, lynch law will be applied to them. They say even, that the sheriff

at Sonora, who is an American, has been killed with a knife by a Spaniard. The French of Sonora are calling to their aid all their countrymen in the mines; they are asking them to come without delay if they do not want the most abominable of outrages committed under their eyes."

"That is what was in the letter, signed by a very honorable Frenchman, a certain Leroy, who is in business there. So now," continued the young woman with spirit, "hurry and get ready, for it is late and in an hour we are all leaving."

"And are you going, too, with the others?" the Swiss asked her.

"Certainly—my life for my countrymen."

"Who'll stay behind?" cried Fuchs, red as his hair, "Why, this is a horrible outrage that cries for vengeance—that can only be washed out in blood."

"One must see before believing," replied the Swiss, less easily led astray. "For some time past, so many false reports have been circulated which have found ready credence that we have become skeptical here. Cool-headedness is what is needed above all, and here especially."

"Cool-headedness! [French: *sang froid*, literally "cold blood"] Fish's blood!" exclaimed Fuchs, who, becoming more and more heated at this one idea, emptied a large glass of Bordeaux to relieve his parched throat. "Who now, on receipt of such news can dream of thinking it over? Is Sonora at the other end of the world that false reports can reach us so easily? Sonora is twenty-five miles from here; and those two men who mounted their horses only to bring us this news are our guarantee that it is only too true."

"What do you think of this?" said another German, using Spanish because he did not speak French. "By starting out this evening to go there, I can be here tomorrow and I will report to you exactly what the truth is. If things are as the letter says, in twenty-four hours you will have confirmation of it, then we shall all go, and we shall see then if a handful of Americans, without faith or law, can act as they please with these foreigners that they look down upon. Yes, we will all be there."

Fuchs, with the best of motives, was going to make an objection to this proposition when Madame Louis cut him short with a graceful motion of her hand. This was but an excuse; it really meant, "Let me speak first, then you can talk as much as you please." She interposed herself between the speakers.

"Monsieur Fischer," said she in fairly good Spanish, "we have no need of further information. The letter that nearly all of us have read and the testimony of those who brought it are the best evidence of the facts. Let all who feel a courageous heart beating in their breast fall in under our flag. *Let us go, countrymen, the day of glory is here!*"

Fuchs and one or two of the men who were there, on hearing the refrain of the celebrated song, joined Madame Louis; there was a sort of tumult about the liquor table; the conversation became general, and in an instant afterward the report became widespread that all the French were preparing to set

out that same evening with the idea of arriving before the town of Sonora at daybreak the next morning.

Fischer, seized by the warlike enthusiasm that was animating all the others, had also made his preparations. He had hurriedly bought himself, for forty dollars, a double-barreled gun and a powder flask which a countryman gave up in his favor, purely to oblige him. He provided himself in addition with powder and shot, enough for a three weeks' siege; our man, thus completely and gallantly equipped, found himself at the precise hour of the rendezvous before the tent of M. Louis, ready to go.

Great confusion prevailed at the moment; the greater part of the combatants, to give themselves courage without doubt, had consumed more copious libations of wine and brandy than usual. Germans, Spaniards, French were in the crowd, each talking his own language, without too clearly understanding his neighbor, for from time to time some phrases in English, singularly mutilated, became necessary to serve as a means of interpretation.

Among the Germans the most prominent was Fuchs, who in the half hour since it had been decided to undertake the march, had lost a great degree of his enthusiasm. A barber named Frey, his countryman, had come to his aid so that he could use the last resources of a badly shaken credit, and poor Fuchs, in borrowed shoes, with a gun, a cutlass and borrowed hat, was ready to set out for the war.

"Brothers" cried he, in a more or less intoxicated voice, "Brothers and friends,—if I remain with—with you; rest assured, it is that—it is that—I'm going to stand up for the Germans. My blood, I—I wish to shed it—for the Germans—and he is only one—that one who is not—for the Germans."

It must be understood that we attempt to defend neither the logic nor the elegance of the discourse of Fuchs; no one, however, dreamed of being disturbed by it; he, seeing that every one was busy with his own preparations, drained successively all the wine left in the glasses by the others, after which he shook hands with a little negro boy who had come to find out what was going on, with such fervor that the brat let forth a cry. This did not prevent him from slipping into his pocket a small loaf that he found and making his escape. And as for Fuchs, the warlike troop saw no more of him. And when the customers asked the hosts what had become of him, the knowing pair replied, "Mister Fuchs—he died for the Germans."

The plan of the leaders was not to have the column depart en masse from the tent of M. Louis for whom such a movement might later bring disagreeable consequences. The gathering place was in the open air about a half mile distant, near a trail that they had designated, whither they were to go alone or in small parties to begin the march.

Most of the men had already taken their departure; the tent of M. Louis was entirely deserted, only M. and Madame Louis and our old friend Fuchs remained; these three held a council of war with all ceremony. Madame

Louis had dressed herself up in a complete Amazon costume; she wore dark colored pantaloons, a red woolen shirt, a large felt sombrero over one ear, decorated with an ostrich plume; she had a double-barreled shotgun slung over her shoulder, two pistols and a hunting-knife in her sash, together with a haversack, and in her hand a bag of provisions. M. Louis in his turn had the air rather of belonging to the department of strong drinks; he had only one gun, but three gourds which had the appearance of being by no means empty, and he was overseeing the packing of a small keg of brandy containing about a dozen gallons, that two Frenchmen in front of the tent were occupied in getting ready.

The council of war gathered in the tent was bent on nothing less than obtaining from Fuchs the abandonment of his belligerent humor and of the heroic death to which he aspired, so he might replace M. and Madame Louis during their absence; it was necessary to persuade him, that instead of firing at Americans, he should be contented with drawing the corks from the bottles. It can be seen that if the savagery of M. Louis made him desire the complete annihilation of the inhabitants of the Union, it did not go so far as to want to make them die of thirst. The couple had therefore cast their eyes upon Fuchs.

"Besides," said Madame Louis in her husband's ear, "we must pay someone, and this fellow, anyway, will always be in debt to us."

The argument appeared to be enlightening to M. Louis, who for his part would have preferred to remain than to go, but how was he to trust his wife in the hands of strangers? Neither did Fuchs urge other action; he stood his gun in a corner and began to roll up his sleeves to be ready to serve the customers and rinse the glasses when the tread of a horse was heard outside; soon the horse itself appeared and upon it was a woman, her head covered by a felt hat, set off with a large red ribbon; and a silvery voice, strong with resolution, cried out:

"Let us cross the creek, my dear, let us cross the creek! Ah! *Parbleu!* We are the last—And M. Fuchs?—What are you doing there?—And your gun?—We have not a minute to lose."

"A moment, my dear. I'll be with you in an instant," replied the other Amazon. "You see, M. Fuchs has agreed to guard our house, while we are not here."

"Ah, what gallantry," replied the woman on the horse, laughing. "But mount! Mount! Really it is already very late, and we ought not travel the highways all alone." Madame Louis only took time to slip a bit of Cologne, a plaster, and some strips of linen in her haversack. She took a glance in her mirror, another at her substitute behind the counter, then she set out so precipitately to run to her horse that she struck the nose of her friend's horse in passing with the butt of her gun. The horse reared in fright and with little ceremony threw off the woman on his back. Madame Louis took not the least

notice of this, but, aided by her husband, she leaped briskly into the saddle, and here were our two Amazons galloping, laughing, and singing as they went.

M. Louis, during this time, had untied his horse, replaced his glasses upon his nose, and after calling a last "Good night, M. Fuchs," to which the latter responded with a sort of grumble, he set out to rejoin the women, a task that he found was not the easiest for him; for, being only a fair horseman, he had also to watch out for his gun and his bottles.

"Well, I never!" said a little American at this moment, who silently until then had been watching the scene from a neighboring tent. "What the devil is the matter with the French? Are they, in fact, possessed of the devil? They're going to take California by storm."

"Not California, but Sonora," said another voice at his side. It was a big American named Fletcher who was working in the mines for a Texas company.

"Sonora! Where the devil," the small man replied, "did you find that out?"

"Oh, it was Kurnel, the Canadian, who told me. He speaks French."

"But what is going on down there?" asked the small American with some little anxiety. "Perhaps it would be best to call a meeting immediately to offset. . . ."

"Oh, bah!" said the Texan, in a most phlegmatic tone. "This whole affair is going to end in a rat tail. If the thing becomes serious and if they need us in Sonora, they will know enough to tell us."

"Hello, Fletcher, what do you know?" cried several young men of nineteen or twenty standing in front of a butcher shop, two of whom as partners never failed to take a daily shot at each other.

"What do you know?" said one of the two who wore a Mexican costume and had a six-shooter in his belt, "The French have gone to take Sonora by storm; let them beat the recall and all of us young people will muster; we'll follow them and take them between two fires."

"Nonsense," to this replied a big American with very red and well-fed cheeks and large blue eyes, "Our young men down there will settle it by themselves without help; we, meanwhile, will form a camp here of Americans; we will raise entrenchments and we will not let a single one of the damned Frenchmen come back."

"Nonsense," replied his companion, angrily, "that would indeed be nonsense; it is quite apparent that you are too cowardly to go, and you would rather entrench yourself behind a dozen tree-trunks."

"Too cowardly?" cried the boy with the blue eyes, "Listen, you damned

_____."

"Quiet, men, quiet!" said Fletcher, who had disdained until then to take part in the conversation, but who, seeing that it was assuming a threatening

stage, believed he ought to say something. "Come, let us be reasonable, let us be calm. By tomorrow the affair will look altogether different. God knows on what ill-founded rumor they started out; they will come back looking as silly as spaniels that have been thrown into the river."

The other bystanders tried to raise new objections to this system of temporization; they spoke of raising the American flag and of dying in its shadow; they wanted to make an example of someone; they talked especially of punishing the ingratitude of the foreigners, who should be driven out of the country as soon as possible. However, the sober-minded people succeeded shortly in resuming the lead in the debate and got all to go peacefully home to await there what the next day would bring forth.

The Frenchmen during this time, without heed to the consequences which might result from their actions, assembled at the place appointed for their rendezvous and there our two Amazons arrived just in time to take the head of the column.

On the other hand, the two emissaries sent from Sonora had not remained idle; they had spread or caused to be spread as far as Calaveras, Angels, Carsons, and Douglas Flat, the news of which they had been made the messengers.

From all sides during the night the French arrived, carrying their blankets and their guns with some scanty provisions, all rolled in a pack and carried on their backs; they wanted confirmation of what they had heard, then hastened to expose themselves to a danger of which they could not measure the extent.

Although the outcome of the expedition hardly measured up to its commencement, the French nevertheless did not fail to give a good and salutary lesson to the Americans in showing them that in a common danger they would all be united; and many Americans admitted later that they never would have believed that there were so many Frenchmen in the mines: during two days they had come out from all their hiding places.

This first column which set out from Murphy's had an original and picturesque aspect in the highest degree. It was almost entirely made up of tall and large individuals of more or less forbidding appearance, fairly uniformly clothed in red shirts and caps of the same color, or else hats of black or grey felt. Everyone had seized the first weapon that fell to his hand; the greater part had double-barreled shotguns, some carbines, or simply muskets; many carried swords, daggers or pistols as side arms.

A good many of these weapons were not in condition: regardless of rust covering them, they had been dragged forth for the occasion from the most obscure or dusty corners; time pressed so that no thought could be given to cleaning them; their owners without taking time to examine the old irons, to find out whether they were already loaded, had rammed in a new load, for they were in a hurry to engage in the fight.

Our old acquaintance, the baker, whose face had been so cruelly marked by the smallpox, was one of those to whom his equipment gave the most constant employment. He was on foot like nearly all his comrades, and he stopped at every step to examine his old musket, to try to put it in order, after which our man would set off again at top speed to rejoin the others. In these stops, irregular but frequent, he changed the powder in the fire-pan two, if not three times, tried to clear the touchhole with a borrowed pin which was invariably too short, blew into it, then started to run again so that he became purple in the face; giving vent to a tremendous oath our straggler would wind up by overtaking the end of the column.

The plan of our adventurers had been at the outset to proceed without halting as far as the town of Sonora; but, wearied by the exertion of the march, bereft of provisions of which they had so scantily provided themselves, reduced to brandy, those who composed the column made their first halt at eleven o'clock, bivouacking under the vault of heaven around large fires they had lighted.

Confusion was not lacking, we may well believe, in this improvised camp; bottles were passed around, and songs and gay refrains served to drive away any gloomy thoughts that the perils of war might give birth to. In the midst of this jollity the baker alone was the grumbler, he was exasperated at his stubborn musket. He wound up, however, after much trouble, by getting it in condition to fire. It is true that the weapon upon going off gave to its owner such a prodigious kick that the fire pan of the lock fell into the dust, where, on account of the darkness, it was impossibility to find it.

The lot of M. Louis, on the other hand, was not much happier. Madame, his wife, without his being aware, had stolen away from him, and the unhappy husband, in the midst of all the red shirts, experienced not a little difficulty in recognizing his gentle better-half; he approached each face, bearded or not, surveyed it closely, until at last he discovered Madame, stretched under a tree at the side of her friend. M. Louis, without regard for the rights of the first occupants, chose as his place of repose the space between the two fair ladies.

On the following morning, at daybreak, the column again took up the march, without having breakfasted; they were sustained only by the brandy; during the night several Frenchmen from the neighboring mines came to swell the ranks, and our people had not been an hour on the march when they met a troop of Mexicans.

"Donde vais, amigos?" cried the first of the French to them. "Where are you going? Where do you come from? Don't you know that we are going to your relief against the Americans? We will see if they are going to run you out."

The Mexicans appeared to be somewhat surprised at this announcement, of which they did not wholly comprehend the purport, for it was quite evi-

dent that no one had in any way pursued them, and that they were leaving of their own free will.

The French earnestly urged them to retrace their steps and not thus to abandon their own [the Mexicans'] cause. These arguments were not approved except by a very small number; nearly all replied that they had set out not as a result of troubles, but because of the mines, which in Sonora were commencing to be exhausted and hardly yielded more than daily wages.

It was under loads of imprecations and maledictions of the French that the Mexicans continued on their way, setting off through the woods bound for Murphys; the small number among them who joined the defenders of their jeopardized rights did not appear to travel with much heart; they found means here and there along the route to disappear into the bushes, and hardly more than one or two were left on the arrival before Sonora.

The column saw other small troops of Spaniards, Mexicans, and Chileans, which they passed, but these did not come near enough to begin a conversation; they withdrew immediately to one side and soon contrived to disappear behind the first declivity or the first thicket in the neighborhood.

Our adventurers reached the Stanislaus River about ten o'clock, where an elderly American was located to point out the ford, and one can imagine the surprise of this good man at the sight of this numerous armed troop bound for Sonora.

"But, in the name of Heaven, my lads," he said to them, "don't do anything foolish. Give it a lot of thought; think what you're getting into. You don't even know whether what you have been told about Sonora is really true; and if it is true, reflect that it may be only an individual here and there who has suffered. But if you advance as you are as far as Sonora, the affair will not stop without bloodshed, and when blood has once flowed, which of you will answer for the consequences? Believe me, do not act thus thoughtlessly but rather test yourself out first; above all keep your own consciences clear, so that later you will not have bitter reproaches to make against yourselves for an ill-considered step."

The evening before, the kindly man would have been able to address his prudent words only to the four winds of heaven; but at this time the hot blood was already considerably cooled; it is true that the diet to which all these stomachs had been submitted had contributed not a little to this. The French told the old man that they would follow his advice and that before entering Sonora and committing any violence they would send someone under a flag of truce to make inquiries concerning events down to the smallest details. The old American would really have liked to detain them all, but it was not possible, for they all wanted to be within reach in case there should be need of their help.

As the band was crossing the river they saw the two Frenchmen of the evening before who had brought the letter and the news to Murphys coming

back. When they learned the intention of their companions they offered to go in advance and ascertain without delay the exact information concerning what was taking place, so that the band might be informed how matters stood. There was some opposition to the acceptance of this offer, especially on the part of the Germans who claimed that it would be better to send somebody other than those two men whose opinion on the subject of the events at Sonora was already known, but the French were of the opposite opinion and they carried the day. The two messengers then set spurs to their mounts and took off. The column advanced to within half a league of Sonora, to a place which had been named as a rendezvous for the emissaries; there, awaiting their return, they established their camp. There were possibly four or five hundred armed men of whom three-fourths were natives of France.

The two emissaries should have returned, however they did not appear. Several individuals moved forward on their own account half way to the town to meet them. Useless trouble! They had to retrace their steps without having seen anyone. What had become of the emissaries? Volunteers offered to reconnoitre the ground, and among them Fischer, who that morning had bought from a Spaniard a horse all saddled and bridled. To leap into the saddle, to gallop to the outskirts of Sonora was for them a matter of but a few instants; they were expecting nothing less than to find the town in a complete state of defense, protected at all points by barricades with American carbineers ambushed behind.

Their astonishment commenced when they were allowed to approach without the slightest obstacle blocking their march; but their surprise was greater when, from the summit of the last hill, they saw the town where nothing unusual seemed to be taking place. They saw here and there a few groups assembling, for it was no longer a mystery to Sonora that there was a band of armed men marching against it; however, they did not seem to be troubled by it; thus our scouts, not a little abashed, entered the main street of the town to look there for their two messengers and obtain from their compatriots information of the real state of the public feeling.

The news that they gathered was of such a nature as not to make them regret the peaceful manner in which they had come. The story of the Frenchmen thrown into prison and in danger of death was a pure invention. It is true that on the day before they had arrested and imprisoned a German, but he had been released almost immediately, several persons having recognized him and having testified that he was drunk when he had approached an American to try to pull him off of his horse. The injured party, on learning the condition of the man and who he was, had himself withdrawn his complaint. Not one of the Frenchmen, of whom there were a goodly number in Sonora, had heard of the two messengers, or of the news of which they were the bearers. Our company were left confounded. They were never able to find the emissaries and it was fully proved that all the excitement was the result

of a monstrous canard conceived in malevolence and spread with culpable imprudence.

It may well be added that two days before this there had been a demonstration by Mexicans against the Americans, in which the former, after having hoisted their flag, had declared to the Americans, greatly inferior in numbers, that they would drive them from the mines if they attempted to enforce the law that imposed the tax.

But, following the custom of the Mexicans, who liked to hear themselves talk, they indulged in eloquent speech, and when it came to performance nobody could be found who was willing to act; it must be said that no one knows precisely who were right and who were wrong. The Americans with flag and music at their head marched against the Mexicans who dispersed without resistance. Their flag was seized and the American flag was hoisted in its place. Not a shot was fired, and the sheriff had not been assassinated, as the report had been spread, nor had anyone even threatened him. The whole affair was merely an extravagant story that had had as its consequences the embroiling of the Americans with the foreigners.

The men sent as scouts by the column resolved, since the first messengers had prudently vanished, to bring away with them the unlucky author of the letter who would be required to render an account of his conduct. The latter, one may conceive, showed at first only the mildest alacrity to obey the summons, but there were evasions, excuses more or less good or bad; nothing happened. His countrymen and a large number of Americans, learning the cause of the tumult, assembled in front of the tent, and threatened if the recalcitrant did not come of his own accord, to bind him and bring him by force. The poor devil, little comforted by such a prospect, still tried to defend himself, but willing or unwilling, he was forced to follow his escort, which arrived, accompanied by a crowd of Sonorans, at the stopping place where we have left our band.

One can picture to himself the reception that was given our man there. During the first half hour it was impossible to understand what anybody wanted to say; everyone shouted, everyone gesticulated, without taking any more notice of the prisoner than if he had not been there, and if he had had presence of mind, he would have been able to profit by the furor and decamp. However, little by little the tumult subsided; individual voices commenced to make themselves heard, and at the noise of these conversations it ended by the forming of a jury that should decide the fate of the accused.

While the affair thus far had had rather grotesque incidents, from this moment on it took a serious turn; yet an instant and they were to decide on nothing less than the life of a human being. They reproached the accused for his offense; pointing out how, by means of a false letter the secret motive for which they would not further try to discover, he had put the whole country in a ferment; how he had succeeded in making his countrymen ridiculous as

well as those who had been willing to join with them and come to their aid; how, furthermore, he had erred in causing them to engage in a movement to sow distrust between the Americans and foreigners. It was in vain that the accused tried to defend himself, pleading that they were looking at the affair in entirely too grave a light; it had been an excess of zeal for his countrymen that had made him act with this regrettable precipitation; someone had given him the news that two Frenchmen had been arrested and imprisoned; hence his indignation and the letter that he had sent. It availed nothing; the jury remained inexorable; it voted him guilty and our man was sentenced to be hanged; the sentence was to be executed on the spot without the least delay.

Men, silent and still, their faces fixed and determined, surrounded the condemned man. In vain the terrified eyes of the victim searched among them for a sign of compassion in any of the bearded faces. A deathly silence reigned; the baker alone on the outside of the funereal circle was busy untying a lasso from the neck of a horse.

"And you will let them murder me in cold blood?" at last said the condemned man in a hollow voice to those surrounding him. "I have a wife and children down below."

No one replied to him; more than one heart bled for him, we would like to believe, but they realized how much this man was to blame and they were not willing to interfere with the sentence.

"There, that will be a good tree," said the baker, approaching a young oak. "It is no trouble to throw the rope over that limb."

The two men at the side of the condemned man, in whose charge he had been placed, then took his two hands and tied his elbows behind his back.

"My countrymen, my friends," cried the unfortunate man in a hoarse voice, "you would not murder me."

His face was pale as death and all his limbs were trembling in deadly fear.

The circle opened on the side toward the tree; the diligent baker, mounted on the troop's little brandy keg, stood upright under the main branch from which the rope hung, swinging gently in the breeze, and made a running knot in it.

"O Lord," piteously murmured the culprit, and for the first time a tear fell from his eye.

Then from the midst of the crowd stepped a Frenchman, a large, fine looking young man with a black beard. He stretched his left hand toward the prisoner, and said in a voice full of emotion: "My friends, let this man go; the poor devil has had a sufficient scare as it is; after all he did not, I believe, have any intention evil enough to deserve death. So let him go; in the future he will be more prudent; besides, his death will not help matters at all."

"It will make amends for everything," cried many voices. "The consequences of his thoughtlessness might have been dreadful; that is why he deserves punishment."

"Yes," calmly replied the volunteer defender, "but whom do you punish in executing him? You punish his innocent wife and children far more than him."

"And have not we, likewise, wives and children?" cried the same voices, "and has he not done something that might have put our lives in danger?"

The prisoner said not a single word, but his eye, which was recovering confidence, searched anew the circle of the assemblage; the victim scarcely breathed. They still made vigorous objections to a full and complete pardon; however, the first heat of their anger was over; they had already up to a certain point satisfied their vengeance; kindness, hastily stifled, must, in those ardent natures, soon reappear, and in the end win the victory.

The guardians of the prisoner themselves cut the cords that bound his arms; as soon as he felt himself fully released, in his ecstasy, he immediately seized the hands of those around him and clasped them effusively; he even pressed to his bosom some of the fierce faces; in his joy at having his life preserved he went to the length of kissing them.

It was here that the revolution ended. Some individuals belonging to the column proposed to go singly into Sonora to visit the town with objects more pacific than one would have believed possible the day before. Others went there, urged by an appetite that had been by no means satisfied; however, it must be said, the majority were ashamed thus to run about a town where they had proclaimed themselves as so many desperadoes and they preferred to return to Murphys on an empty stomach.

The rumor that all this adventure was based on nothing but a falsehood told as a joke had already spread through Sonora; also was it not better to beat a retreat at once and, above all, to regain their firesides with the least possible fuss? This is what they did, and the same evening after a long day's march the column re-entered Murphys.

The French, some time after, sent to the Americans some sort of apology in writing, on the subject of their armed expedition contrary to the laws and regulations of the United States; the Americans, on their part, held several meetings where a number of motions were made but not one was adopted. The matter rested there and all this escapade received thereafter the name of "The French Revolution."

JOHN MUIR

Some Personal Recollections

Of AUGUSTIN S. MACDONALD

APRIL 21, 1938, is the centenary of the birth of John Muir, one of California's greatly beloved adopted sons and foremost interpreter of nature.

Although born in Scotland he was brought to the United States when eleven years of age. He attended the University of Wisconsin, but his principal education as a naturalist was acquired in the forests, fields and mountains where he was so much at home. Coming to California in 1868, he spent the next ten years in the Yosemite Valley; and most of the credit for making Yosemite a National Park must be accorded to his efforts and support.

Muir's most intimate friend was another Scotchman, William Keith, the artist, to whose old studio on Pine Street he always headed whenever in San Francisco. Their conversation, in which the writer was frequently privileged to join, was full of dry humor and fun. Often there would be a lapse of silence, in which they communed in a sort of mystical manner while Keith quietly picked up his brush and sat at his easel until the impulse to work passed away, when the conversation would be resumed.

One morning while chatting with Keith in the inner room of the studio, the curtains suddenly parted and there stood John Muir. "William, what do you think of me?" enquired Muir as he entered the room. Keith looked slowly upward and, affecting astonishment, called, "Johnny, where was the fire?"

"If you will throw away that burning cabbage leaf you are puffing, I will tell you all about it," replied Muir.

Muir was togged out in a new ready-made, yellow suit and bright tie, as gorgeous as Solomon arrayed in all his glory. The trousers were short to his ankles and the sleeves came only to his wrists, but he was as proud of the outfit as Lucifer. The purchase had been made in honor of President Theodore Roosevelt, who had written him a personal invitation. This he proceeded to read to us. Muir was to meet the President secretly at a camp agreed upon some miles from Yosemite Valley, for which Roosevelt was bound, and thus avoid the crowd of politicians dodging his every footstep.

Great preparations had been made during Theodore Roosevelt's visit to the Coast for his entertainment in the Yosemite Valley. Silver plate and fine dishes had been forwarded from a prominent San Francisco club, a French chef had been engaged for the occasion, calcium lights had been provided to illuminate the falls in all the colors of the rainbow by night, and a gay throng crowded every available room to enjoy and shine in the reflected social magnificence of the celebration. No money had been spared to make the event a

rousing success and publicity stunt. Roosevelt heard of the elaborate arrangements, but he preferred the lone company of John Muir to the ostentatious display; and while the crowd was sleeping off the disappointment of his absence of the previous night, he slipped away on horseback with Muir to the Valley about five o'clock in the morning. There he viewed the falls, surveyed the sights, listened to the geological and botanical tales of wonder which Muir told, and was off on his travels before anyone learned of his presence. The President later stated that the night spent around the camp fire in the Sierra amidst the Sequoias with John Muir was one of the pleasantest recollections of his entire trip.

Another amusing adventure was the famous journey to Europe of Muir and Keith. One afternoon in Keith's studio, Muir appeared much perturbed and indignant. He had arranged with Keith to meet him the day before at the Oakland depot for a trip abroad together; but no Keith appeared, and the train left without them. The artist's explanation was that he had become interested in a new creation of art and had forgotten all about the engagement. He promised that he would go the following Saturday. But on Saturday Muir received a telegram stating that Keith had already departed and would meet him in New York. When Muir arrived in New York he received another message which informed him that Keith had taken a steamer for England. Muir followed on to London, and then to Paris where he abandoned the search and turned north to his native city of Dunbar, in Scotland, while Keith moved south to study the colorists of Spain. They chased each other all over the continent but never met until they returned home.

One of the loveliest days with Muir I recall was an afternoon at his home. The house was on the crown of a natural knoll at the mouth of beautiful, vine-clad Alhambra Valley, surrounded by tree-covered, low-lying hills, which opened out to Carquinez Straits, revealing a glimpse of the water.

We sat outdoors on the porch overlooking the peaceful scene, while he told me of his Alaskan experiences and confided that he was ambitious to do what later was accomplished by Father Hubbard, who explored the interior of Alaska and the Valley of a Thousand Smokes, and that he regretted that his travels had been limited to the coast line. He then branched out into his life in the High Sierra and described the grandeur of the trees and rocks and the beauty of the scenery, all of which spoke a language which he comprehended. He severely criticized the custom of pasturing the sheep in the wilderness areas and deplored the harm he claimed it did to the grass roots.

My acquaintanceship with John Muir was personal rather than professional, and this comradeship brought about an intimate friendship which afforded an insight into his temperament permitted to but few of his associates. He was a most agreeable and companionable man but reticent and rather shy, of the type of Professor Joe Le Conte and Luther Burbank.

He was keen of intellect, unaffected of manner, with simplicity as the keynote of his character, an eager observer of nature, and enjoyed discussing the mysterious ways of creation. His message to mankind was the great pleasure and simple satisfactions to be found in out-of-door life, which bring contentment and happiness.

He will live long in the memories of those who understand and appreciate the spirit of the forest and mystic splendor of nature in all its various forms.

AMENDMENT TO THE BY-LAWS

Sustaining Membership

At the meeting of the Board of Directors of the California Historical Society held on December 20, 1937, Article II of the By-Laws was amended to read: "This Society shall consist of patron, sustaining active, corresponding and honorary* members . . . Sustaining members shall consist of persons who shall have been elected to membership and shall have paid dues at the rate of Twenty-five Dollars per annum."

Since the above By-Law was passed, the following active members have transferred to sustaining membership:

Miss Edith W. Allyne	Miss Marion M. Jones
Miss Lucy H. Allyne	Mr. D. E. McLaughlin
Mr. Robert L. Coleman, Jr.	Dr. Harry East Miller
Mr. Robert E. Cowan	Mr. James K. Moffitt
Mr. R. H. Cross	Miss Frances M. Molera
Mr. Henry F. Dutton	Mrs. Alexander F. Morrison
Mr. Henry B. Fortmann	Mr. Stuart L. Rawlings
Mr. D. Fricot	Miss Else Schilling
Mrs. John O. Gantner	Mrs. Daniel Volkmann

*The Society has no corresponding or honorary members, nor do the Directors contemplate naming any in the near future

CALIFORNIA IN 1844 AS HARTNELL SAW IT

By LAURO DE ROJAS

MANY Englishmen had long cherished the desire to possess California, one should say, perhaps, since Drake's voyage around the world; and by 1844 the efforts to bring about annexation of the coveted territory had begun to crystallize.

The overpowering factor behind this movement was a gigantic English land company, which sought foreign territory to colonize, preferably on the Atlantic Coast. Its representative, Robert Wyllie, however, believed that a location in California would be better for England and Mexico. The former would benefit from the climate and commercial advantages, while the latter would be assured of protection against other aggressive nations.

Since April 12, 1837, the world knew that the Mexican Government had promised its English creditors 125,000,000 acres of land in payment of the foreign debt.¹ An excellent offer such as this would have only one result. A land company was consequently formed to exploit virgin opportunities in a land of milk and honey.

The terms of the mortgage were succinctly stated in a letter written by C. Cushing and printed in the *Whig Journal of Politics*. According to this bit of evidence the entire foreign debt was to be "consolidated," if the public creditors agreed, through the agency of Messrs. Lizardi and Company and of the Mexican Minister in London. One-half of the existing bonds were to be exchanged for newly issued securities and the other half for warrants on vacant lands in Texas, Chihuahua, Sonora and California.²

People speculated as to the possibilities of settlement in Texas. Had Mexico lost Texas forever? The Mexican Government did not believe so. Consequently this same governing agency was promising to issue vacant lands in a territory that was no longer Mexican but independent, and in order to secure the payment of the principal and interest of the national consolidated fund, the Government hypothecated 100,000,000 acres of vacant land in the above mentioned sections. The status of the bondholders was explicitly defined by law. They were to be treated as colonists and entitled to the privileges and prerogatives of other settlers, devoid of discrimination.³

On September 14, 1837, the English terms were accepted by the Mexican bondholders with reservations and modifications. An agreement concerning old bonds was reached, which provided that instead of converting one-half of the old bonds into land warrants they should be issued as "deferred bonds" to be receivable in payment for vacant lands in the aforementioned "departments" at four pounds sterling per acre at all times. Besides the 100,000,000 hypothecated acreage, the Mexican Government was to set apart 25,000,000

acres of government lands having the nearest communication with the Atlantic and being most suitable for colonization from abroad. The lands were to be specifically and exclusively held open for the location of "deferred bond" holders.

At this point the Mexican Congress interfered. Though the acts of the September meeting of bondholders were approved by the legislative body on June 1, 1839, it authorized the President of the Republic to prevent the issuance of lands along the frontier to citizens of border states. The president was ordered to protect Mexican territorial integrity, since the mortgage did not confer sovereignty rights over mortgaged soil.⁴ Now the way for British colonization was open.

Robert Wyllie believed that California was the haven sought for English colonization, but he needed the necessary information to convince the committee of bondholders in Mexico City that the Pacific Coast would be more desirable than the Atlantic. Wyllie turned to William Hartnell of Monterey for factual knowledge concerning the country, its people, its lands, its natural resources and its trade possibilities.

The English were very much concerned with the attitude of the Mexicans in California toward their home government. The colonists demanded security, and to allay their fears Wyllie wrote to Hartnell from Tepic, on August 10, 1843, asking if the Californians were "so orderly and contented under the Mexican government that European farmers could establish themselves there with a reasonable security of being able to protect them. . . . The British government will give no protection whatever to British subjects settling in California as citizens of Mexico."⁵ On November 5, 1843, Wyllie wrote from Mexico, repeating the substance of the August letter and giving some details concerning the condition of affairs in the Mexican Republic. In this letter Wyllie pointed to trouble between Mexico and England, but he hoped that peaceful negotiations would avert an armed conflict.⁶

In the following year Hartnell answered Wyllie's letters and submitted to his scrutiny information on some fourteen points concerning which Wyllie had requested data. The following letter is a copy of the Hartnell manuscript which was sent to Wyllie, answering his queries and picturing California as Hartnell saw it in 1844:

Monty April 20th 1844

Robert C. Wyllie Esq^r.

My Dear Cousin; Your highly esteemed fav. of 5th Nov. last only reached me about a month ago, and I embrace the first opportunity which has since then offered, (that of the Gov^t. Schooner *Calif^a*. for Mazatlan) to perform my duty of answering as well as I can your several queries; and as all I advance is to the best of my knowledge true; and nothing secret you are at perfect liberty to make what use you see fit of my name, and it will be

highly gratifying to me to hear that what information I am able to give you, may be of any use to you. I will now proceed to answer your questions in the order you placed them.

- 13* The rate of freight from Monty to Sandwich Islands [or to] Mazatlan may be calculated at 20\$ p ton of goods in general, 2 r^s. p. [reales per] hide & 15 to 20\$ p 1000 feet of Lumber. To Boston on Hides 6 r^s. and 4 r^s. p @ of Tallow. To Callao 4 r^s. p Hide & 3 r^s. p @ of Tallow. Passage to Sandwich Islands 50\$—To Mazatlan or San Blas 60 to 80\$ and to return about double on acc^t. of the larger passage. To Callao 100 to 150\$ & to Boston 200\$ to 250\$. Length of passage from Monty to Mazatlan to San Blas 10 to 14 days, to Sandwich Islands 15 to 18—To Callao 50 to 60 To Boston 120 to 140 To Columbia River 15 to 20. From Mazatlan or San Blas to Monty 30 to 35 days, from Sandwich Islands 20 to 30 from Columbia River 6 to 8 from Callao 50 to 60 & from Boston 140 to 160.
- 14 The am^t. of circulation in California I should think does not exceed 60 to 70 thousand \$ The current interest for money is 2 p c^t. p month.
- 15 In the immediate vicinity of the coast of California, Sperm whales are scarce, but, right whales are abundant; formerly the otter were very numerous but at present they are scarce having been much hunted latterly; but if they were allowed to rest for 6 or 8 years they would no doubt increase wonderfully. The same may be said of Seal. The country at present furnishes any Naval Stores except Timber but could be made to produce Turpentine, Pitch, Tar Rope & no doubt Coal — Hemp was formerly cultivated pretty largely and shipped to San Blas.
- 16 The Hudson Bay Compy have a house & an Agent established in S. Fran^{co}. for the purpose of collecting Hides and Tallow in exchange for English goods & this is the only commerce which at present exists between Columbia River & this place. There is now no longer any commerce carried on between the Russian Settlements & California. The Russian Am. Com. have disposed [of] everything possessed in their Settlement at Ross to Capⁿ. Sutter a Swiss gent. established on the south bend of the Sacramen^{to}, & he I believe is to pay in whatever produce (particularly wheat) he may raise at his establishment of "New Helvetia".
- 17 The largest Rivers in California are the Sacramento & "San Joaq." which are navigable I should suppose for small vessels about 300 miles.
- 18 The locality I should recommend for a settlement would undoubtedly be in the neighborhood of one of those two rivers; but of this more anon. Settlers should bring with them whatever implements or tools they cannot make themselves.

*The numbers in the margin refer to the questions asked by Wyllie.

- 19 See a separate sheet.⁷
- 20 We have one young Irish Surgeon here [Dr. Richard S. Den] (to whom I am indebted for the preceding art.) who intends to settle in the "Pueblo de los Angeles" (the largest of our Californian towns say 2000 inhabitants) and a Mexican doctor has just been sent in for the troops. Physicians & Apothecarie we have none.
- 21 The missions are almost all, entirely gone to ruin & can never be brought back to their former state; and there is no doubt but the temporal welfare of a great portion of the inhabitants has been much improved by their ruin, for formerly almost all the land of the country belonged to the missions and the white inhabitants were not able to obtain any, and now the former are barely left with what is sufficient for the cattle they at present possess, and the latter have obtained grants of farms, many of which are now well stocked and in general are improving rapidly. We are much in want of spiritual assistance in California, and likewise of good establishments for the education of youth, and I for my part should be very glad indeed to see 20 or 30 Jesuits introduced into this country, I think they would do infinitely more good than whatever was done or could be expected to be done by the missionaries.
- 22 Several parties of Americans have come from the U. S. to California by way of the Rocky Mountains. It has hitherto taken them about four months to perform the journey, but I expect that shortly it may be effected in at least half the time when the roads become to be better known. It has been proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that it is possible to travel from the U. S. to the Settlements in Calif^a. with waggons.
- 23 No mines of any description are at present worked in California, but there is no doubt that coal, Asphalte and the precious metals do exist & the latter in abundance. A "placer de oro" has been lately been found in the neighborhood of the "Pueblo" before mentioned and there are at this moment a quantity of persons employed working for gold, which is of very good quality, although generally found in very small pieces, lumps of the weight of half and ounce have been picked up.
- 11 In the year 1839 the gov^t. of California received 85,613\$ duties caused by cargoes imported in 2 ships & 2 Brigs American, 2 Brigs E. 1 Brig & 1 schr^r. Peruvian, 1 Ship Russian & 1 national schr^r. In 1840, 2 Am. ships, 2 Barques, 3 Schr^s. & 1 Brig; 2 English Barks & 1 Schr^r.; 1 Peruvian Brig & 1 Mexⁿ. Brig & 1 Schr^r. paid 72 308\$ import duties.
- In 1841—101,150\$ were collected from 2 Am. Barks, 4 Brigs & 1 Schr^r. 3 Eng. Barks; 1 Russian ship & 1 Brig; 1 French Brig, 3 National Barks, 2 Brigs & 5 schr^s.
- In 1842—73,729\$ from 3 Am. Ships, 1 Bark & 1 Brig; 1 E. Bark, 1 Hamburg Brig; 1 National Bark & 1 schr^r.

In 1843 52000\$ from 2 Am. Ships, 2 Brigs & 1 Bark; 1 E. Bark; and 1 National Bark, 2 Brigs and 1 Schr.

And up to the present date this year 58000\$ have been received 2 American Ships.

12 This question is answered in the preceding and following articles.

24 This question requires a much more prolic (sic) [answer] than I have at present time to give, for the vessel sails much sooner than I expected, and shall therefore be obliged to postpone any further information until some other opportunity may offer; and shall content myself at present with putting down just as they present themselves to my memory and consequently without any order the principal articles of English manufacturing most adapted to the consumption of this place brown and white cotton coarse and fine for shirting, sheeting etc., Prints of good quality and fast, handsome colours, cotton & silk Hkfs of all descriptions, good stout velveteens blue & black, Jirkain (sic) principally brown, Muslin, Cambric Muslin, Bishops Lawn, Cotton Lace of all descriptions, cloth of all kinds principally blue and black Cassimier, Cassinet, Flannel principally red & white Bayeta [baize], "fajuela," a very small assortment of linen goods among which some of the finest Irish linen, & Cambric, cotton wollen & silk Stockg^s. Handsome gown patterns, Cassimier Shawls, all kinds of Hardware, Tinware, Earthen ware, glass ware, Needles mostly very fine, Cotton & Linen thread Sewing Silk, Hats, Boots & Shoes, ready made cloths of all descriptions including plenty of checked & white Shirts Scotch Gridles for baking cakes in, round and of 12 inches in diameter Butchers Knives, Knives & Forks, Scissors, Silver & brass thimbles, all kinds of Knicknacks for Ladies, stout Hoes, Spads (sic) Shovels, Window Glass principally 8 by 10 Nails of all kinds particularly cut nails, Furniture of all kinds a small assortment very elegant and the rest of middling quality, Tea Trays of all sizes, Carpeting in a small quantity, oil cloth, Artificial flowers, fake pearls, the finest and smallest beads that can be procured of all colours (chaquira) and needles to work them with Gold & Silver lace from $\frac{3}{4}$ in. to 2 inches in breadth. Perfumery, Iron pots & Kettles, Candlesticks, Sickles a few good common Silver hunting watches.

A cargo of English goods direct from home would have an immense profit on the Invoice prices but a couple of years time would be necessary to realize it, the payment would be almost entirely in Hides at 2\$ each which would have to be Salted here, and Tallow á 12 rs. p @. The duties are very high, perhaps 80 p ct. in English Invoice prices and cash should be brought to pay half the amount. Should you be induced to make a speculation please to inform me & you shall have more detailed information.

With respect to the latter part of your letter, I have spoken to the Governor; no instructions whatever have been received in Calif^a, touching the exchange of deferred bonds for lands. But His Excellency had assured me that he will do all that he possibly can for you with respect to granting a tract of land for colonization his faculties do not allow him to give more than 11 square leagues to one person, but I can ask for one tract for you and another for myself, and I am almost certain that I shall succeed in obtaining the privilege to hold on to them a reasonably sufficient time to enable Settlers to come out from England (say two years from the time they are granted) without being obliged to Stock or cultivate them within one twelvemonth, as all others who have been obliged to do. The Governor told me plainly that he wished very much that Settlers would come out from Europ so that all the vacant lands should not be given to Americans, and he even hinted that he should like to take a share in the speculation himself, he has always professed himself particularly favorable to the English. You will have the goodness to let me know as soon as possible what your ideas are respecting the formation of a settlement, what extent of land you wish to obtain and what number of Settlers you could count upon sending out, etc. etc. etc.

April 24th. Scott and Wilson arrived here yesterday and I was not a little surprised to find, that when I thought you were in or very near London, you had appeared all of a sudden in the Sandwich Islands; but what surprised me still more was that you should not have written me a single word to inform me how long you proposed to remain there and what rout you next intended to take; all that I can find out by the 2 papers you sent me is that General Miller had been appointed Consul General of the Islands in the Pacific & that you are acting as his secretary; I shall still however send this as far as Mazatlan by the Schooner and hope it will reach you before you take your departure for any other place. Genl. Miller does not of course recollect anything about me, but I remember him perfectly well from having seen him frequently at W. Biggs & therefore request that you will present my respects to him & assure him that I shall feel proud, should any opportunity offer of my being able to be of any service to him in this place.

I am my Dear Sir

Your very Obed^t. Serv^t.

W E H^s

California had abundant fertile lands that in ordinary cultivation would yield rich harvests and an immense variety of necessities of life and staples for commerce. Hartnell was a good observer, as he demonstrated with the information he furnished Robert Wyllie.

Abundant opportunities awaited an enterprising race, because these advantages had not aroused the dormant energies of the native Californians. It appeared as if these extraordinary bounties of nature had lulled them into apathy so that the coasts remained without commerce or enterprising navigation. A death-like tranquillity reigned throughout the Province. Californians were living in a pastoral age where vast acreages determined a man's social status and his standing in the community. These people were undergoing phenomenal political and social changes spurred on by internal and external motives. They had experienced revolution, political upsets, religious guidance and deception, and by 1844 the way was being prepared for a general development toward the Europeanization of Mexican California.

NOTES

1. *The American Review: a Whig Journal of Politics, Literature, Art and Science* (New York, 1846), III, 88.

2. *Ibid.*, p. 89.

3. *Ibid.*

4. *Ibid.*

5. Vallejo, *Documentos para la historia de California*, XXXIII, 349.

6. *Ibid.*, 369.

7. The part of the letter which Hartnell claimed accompanied the manuscript has not been located.

8. Pio Pico, *Documentos para la historia de California*, I, 85-89.

Bancroft in his *History of California* (IV, 451) used this letter in referring to the British schemes of colonization, but he omitted the most interesting part, that dealing with the trade, life of the people and their government. The lines he did use to serve his purpose were not faithfully copied, and several important historical items found in the original document were omitted. For example, Hartnell states that the Mexican Government would grant him "11 square leagues," and Bancroft quotes him as saying "eleven leagues." There is quite a difference in the two statements. Again we have our English friend saying, "to stock or cultivate them within a twelvemonth, as all others have been obliged to do," but our California historian simply states, "to stock or cultivate them, as others have had to do." By omitting the time requirement set by Mexican law on all grants for their development, the reader of Bancroft's *History* gets the impression that such a requirement was non-existent.

CALIFORNIA IN THE EIGHTIES

As Pictured in the Letters of Anna Seward

(Concluded)

Upper Ojai, Nordhoff P. O.¹⁵

October, 1884.

SEE HOW I have come up in the world. My school this year is in this beautiful mountain valley, twenty miles from town. It is a real Eagle's Eyrie as the name signifies in the Indian language. I came by stage from San Buena Ventura, for there is no railroad in the whole county.

The name of this glorious valley is spelled Ojai, but pronounced in a way to make a native Buckeye think of home. I want to spell it O-hi. Sometimes I catch myself writing the name of my home state O-jai-o.

The southern rampart of the valley is Sulphur Mountain, beautiful the whole year around with live oak trees. On the southwest is a giant crag topped by a fringe of pine trees. My Scotch land-lady says it reminds her of Arthur's Seat. Its name is Topa-topa, the Indian for Gopher-gopher. It seems that the mountain and the squirrel, instead of having a quarrel, are living together amicably.

Not far away, in Santa Paula Canyon are oil wells. Their ungainly derricks almost spoil the beauty of the picturesque stream and wooded hillsides. Beyond are tar wells where asphalt oozes out of the ground like the slime pits of ancient Sodom. These make sticky traveling in warm weather when the tar softens.

My walk to school is along a creek bank where I see tracks made by rattle snakes coming down to the creek for a drink. Fortunately they fight shy of me as I do of them. Sometimes an inquiring lizard enters our schoolroom. When swept out he leaves a wriggling tail behind. They say he will grow another.

The bark of the coyote is a familiar sound. One morning early I surprised a sleepy looking wildcat, with tawny coat and yellow eyes, not a desirable pet.

This is a land of ranches. A man with a half acre of land and a flock of chickens has a chicken ranch. A small lot and a few hives of bees is a bee ranch. I am accused of having a horned toad ranch in my bedroom.

A friend in New Haven is writing a book on spiders. He has no specimens from the Pacific Coast. I have undertaken to provide some for him. A hint to my pupils and spiders began to arrive. My fame as a collector spread abroad. Now, not only do I have a collection of pickled spiders of all sizes, from tiny microscopic spinners to a huge tarantula, but a great variety of other natural history specimens that have been thrust upon me. A fellow teacher from far

up in the mountains brought me a slate pencil box in which he had corralled a deadly mother scorpion with thirteen vicious babies on her back, clinging to her arching tail. I had them chloroformed; nevertheless, my much-enduring land-lady says she is afraid to enter my room on account of my assortment of venomous beasts.

A rancher friend from The Mound sends me, not live rattle snakes, but the rattles from his slain prey. I have them in assorted lengths.

An ugly looking centipede has a private jar. But horned toads are my specialty. They range in size from a silver half-dollar to a monstrous great grand-father of a fellow, too large for any cigar box. By the way, my toads have proved the dire effects of nicotine. One extra dainty reptile to whom I gave a select apartment in a well ventilated cigar box soon died in convulsions.

May, 1885.

I have been treated to the hazard of earthquakes, several of them. They are not so terrible, though the ground does really rise in perceptible waves. Most shocks are of short duration. Recently we had one that persisted. The girls and I were in the schoolroom and we stoically refused to be routed by a mere quake. But when the disturbance failed to pass off as expected, and at last took our frame building by opposite corners and gave it a vicious twist, the pupils stampeded. The boys on the playground had been knocked flat. Anyway, I prefer our mild earthquakes to the terrible thunder storms I knew in Ohio.

One of my pupils is a dare-devil chap who chased a wildcat up a tree and pulled it down with his bare hands. He loves to exhume gopher snakes from their winter quarters and torments the girls by using the long, yellow reptiles as necklace or skipping rope. Another pupil, just a twelve year-old boy, alone and unaided, shot a mountain lion in the cow lot. They are all youngsters of prowess as well as of promise. One of the smallest boys, seven year old Frank, dragged a gopher from its hole in the playground and broke its neck with a skilful blow from his tiny hand. Gophers are outlaws here, like the little foxes that spoil the vines. The gopher snakes are highly prized because they go down into the holes and feast on the pests.

My landlady's son is a mighty hunter and in open season we often have delicious quail and even venison. I have outdone the greedy Israelites for I have eaten with continued relish a quail a day for more than a month.

Upper Ojai, September, 1885.

I am back in my eagle's nest after a thrilling summer in Ohio, a season so full of what Samantha Allen calls "exertions for pleasure," that I have come back to work to recuperate.

My most unique experience was going all the way from Sacramento to Omaha on forty cents for food and incidentals. Excess baggage and an unexpected stop-over in Sacramento had taken all my ready money but four

dimes. On my former trip I had been sorely burdened with too much lunch, so this time I started with only a tin of deviled ham and a glass of jelly, a last minute gift that I couldn't refuse. I looked at these and wondered how long they would sustain life. I remembered Dr. Tanner [famous for his long fast] and felt encouraged. I really did very well. In Nebraska I cashed a small draft and regained my self respect.

For traveling companion I had a charming young lady school teacher, returning to her home in Rabbit Hash, Ky. It is not surprising that her family cross the Ohio River to receive their mail at a Post office with a less suggestive name.

* * * * *

Among other books I read Helen Hunt's latest, *Ramona*. The scenes depicted are in these very mountains of Ventura County. But the characters come from Mrs. Jackson's imagination.

Coming back I traveled by the newly opened Atlantic and Pacific route. At one station I saw logs from the Petrified Forest. I had always thought of petrified trees as common wood changed to more common stone, dull and unattractive. But those logs were radiant in the beauty of many-colored crystals. They were veritable logs of jewels.

The wives of trainmen who live along this road in its present state of newness are real heroines. Thermometers need extra long tubes to record the heat. Double roofs can't keep it out. Water is a long-distance luxury. One young martyr said to me, "We love even a weed if it will only live."

At some of the larger stations we could buy bread. Occasionally a woman of pioneering enterprise brought a pot of coffee aboard and we bought coffee whose most expensive item must have been the water.

Thanksgiving Day, 1885.

Are you shivering in your bleak eastern home? I would that I might share with you some of our excess heat, today. Some years a fur coat is not altogether unsuitable for a Fourth of July picnic, but today, the thinnest of summer gowns is in order. When the east wind from the desert blows we humans as well as the tumble weeds wither. Just a short distance from the sea the heat is stifling. On the coast we have a refreshing breeze.

Strange to say, the ladies here never wear white. It may be because the air cools so suddenly after sunset. At church I saw a woman who evidently sought to adjust her costume to varying temperatures. She wore a heavy winter coat and lace mits.

A band of holiness preachers have been holding tent meetings here, advocating the delectable doctrine of sinless perfection, of which they claim to be traveling samples. One of their number is a school teacher. Just think of sanctification in connection with the trials and temptations of a teacher's daily life! What a "sweet boon," as Artemus Ward would have said, to the pupils!

Teachers' Institute this fall was at a small seaport called by its Indian name, Hueneme, pronounced Y-Nay-Me.¹⁶ The weather was fine. I met a young teacher whose society I particularly enjoyed. He is recently back from "back east," which in his case means Topeka, Kansas. We had several discussions not on the program and began what promises to be a pleasant friendship. He teaches the San Pedro school but freely admits that he has not St. Peter's keys, and does not even know the password. His name is Combs.¹⁷ On the stage coming home I boasted that I had left none of my belongings behind. Miss Howe¹⁸ slyly opined that I had left my Combs at San Pedro.

San Buena Ventura, Christmas night.

Mr. Combs has spent the afternoon and part of the evening here. My liking for him has not been lessened by closer acquaintance. He is educated. His tastes and mine are congenial though not monotonously similar. His sense of humor delights me. I revel in his scientific attainments for he is a budding microscopist. He is also very fine looking. Never before have I found anyone whose society is so agreeable. But—and such a BUT. There is one thing lacking. He is an atheist. I feel instinctively that he is not to be trusted, fully. Not believing in God what underlying principle has he to keep him true in time of stress?

* * * * *

Upper Ojai, St. Valentine's Day, 1886.

When a mere child I used to think that if ever I were good enough, and not within reach of an ideal husband I would go as a missionary. I am far from having reached the desired degree of virtue, but an invitation has come from the Presbyterian ladies of Philadelphia to be their representative in China.

I have a deep desire to make my life count for more than it can here, where I am surrounded by people as good as I. I crave the chance to "come out strong," like Mark Tapley. But oh, I don't want to leave America. So far as duty is concerned I am all in the dark. My friends say, "Don't go. There is plenty to do here." But that does not satisfy me. I even put down arguments for and against with a percentage value to each and tried to find a satisfactory balance.

Once I turned the matter down with a peremptory "No." Then came the distressing realization that there is something that I am unwilling to do for my Lord, there is one part of my heart in which self is supreme. I must be *willing* to go. So I sent the Board a conditional acceptance, telling of my financial obligations to the people at home. They wrote back that under the circumstances I should be content to remain in America. What a relief that was! But not for long.

* * * * *

Miss Howe, my friend who is Principal of the Nordhoff school, and I, like to exchange week-end visits. Sometimes we take the long, steep road between

the valleys on foot. The lower valley is a noted health resort with hotels and cottages occupied during the winter months by people from the frigid east, many of them semi-invalids. The valley people have recently been scandalized to see young ladies riding astride their ponies.

I teach a S.S. Class in the lower valley and have as pupils the two attractive small sons of H. H. Bancroft, the historian.

Recently Miss Howe and I played a game of croquet with a tubercular guest of the hotel. He was so very sportsmanlike. His chivalry extended to our balls, giving them every possible advantage, almost to the ruin of our interest in the game. When altruism becomes universal and co-operation takes the place of competition what will become of sport? Can games be invented that lack the element of rivalry? Will such games be interesting? Perhaps that time will never come on earth. But isn't that what we expect of the Millennium?

July, 1886.

I am here in San Buena Ventura enjoying summer holidays and trying to improve my mind. I belong to a new and select Natural History Society. I presume that I was elected on my record as a Collector. I am to prepare and read an essay sometime this year, choosing my own subject. I am trying to gain mental background by reading John Fiske's *Excursions of an Evolutionist*. But my halting gait does not allow me to keep pace with such a strong scientist.

I am, however, well up on an excursion of a livelier kind. A party of us young people took a holiday jaunt to the Matilija Canyon where are hot sulphur springs and the beginnings of a health resort.¹⁹ The canyon is narrow, ascending into the very heart of the mountains. Orange orchards and apiaries dispute possession with grizzly bears and mountain lions. A small group of rheumatics were already there for the healing of the waters. Mrs. Grant made a delightful chaperone, old enough for discretion yet young enough to enjoy adventure.²⁰

One morning four of us invaded the hermitage of a bee-keeper far up the canyon. He never said he was delighted to see us. We took it for granted that in his lonely life a visit from friends would be an unparalleled joy. He promptly took his rifle and shot the head from a young rooster. We girls fried the fowl over the fireplace. We had a delicious dinner with orange blossom honey instead of butter.

Wild flowers abound through the canyon, many that I have never seen elsewhere. Bushes and shrubs are covered with a lacy parasite called love vine. Why this name? Johnny says, "Because it has no root, and feeds on air."²¹

Maggie was just as bad though she is betrothed to a lover true. She said, "Because it kills whatever it feeds upon."

It remained for me, the unromantic to say, "Because its flowers are always in pairs, close together and well mated."

Upper Ojai, December 9, 1886.

I have the inspiration for my Natural History essay. The subject is *Horse-hair Snakes*. I am deeply concerned in a controversy over this matter. Most of my pupils insist that hairs from a horse's tail when soaked in puddles actually turn into living creatures. I have seen the hairs and I have seen the snakes, almost as slender and quite as smooth. They have real heads, mouths, and eyes, and are undeniably alive. Of course I am in duty bound to assert that such a metamorphosis is impossible. But the young people feel that what I don't know on the subject has less weight than their actual experience.

I wrote about the matter to Mr. Combs, knowing his interest in zoology. He laughed at the idea of such magical transformation and offered to put his whole horse "in soak," if necessary to disprove the ridiculous theory. He was astounded when his pupils, too, one and all, claimed to have proved beyond peradventure that hairs do become snakes. The subject invites scientific investigation.

I have been using some of my lonely evenings translating Thomas à Kempis from the original Latin. Later I compare my version with my English copy. It is an interesting study in synonyms.

I am still "wrestling" with the problem of my future.

January, 1887.

The question of China is still uppermost in my mind. I can't get away from the prophet Ezekiel. I must be a faithful watchman, to warn and instruct others, or I am responsible for their spiritual darkness and death. I showed the thirty-third chapter to Amy's brother to see what he would say. His answer was so positive and emphatic that it scared me. "I would hurry and do everything I possibly could to give the alarm." I believe that the light is coming.

May 16.

The answer to my prayer for guidance has come through a change in my own heart. I now *want* to go to China. I am under appointment to sail in September. As soon as school is out I start home for a summer in Ohio.

Meanwhile the long-hoped-for Railroad is coming to San Buena Ventura.

Tallmadge, Ohio, July, 1887.

Wasn't it too bad that the railroad had to wait till just as I was leaving? At noon of my last day in town the first passenger train was welcomed by the entire populace. I turned my back upon it and took the stage to Santa Barbara.

The real estate agent is a product of Calif. climate that flourishes in every variety of soil, and is much in evidence on a stage. He dangled his multiple legs from the top of our coach. We, the insides, were unwilling conveyors of

real estate, for the dust was thick. The stage was so crowded with tourists who had come in by the train that walking up the hills was a pleasant diversion. Everybody seemed in especially good humor. We had with us at least one bridal pair.

One sportive spirit brought laughter from the crowd at the expense of a fellow passenger who failed to see that he was an animated advertisement of Pasadena City Lots till the cry of "Port Sail," called his attention to the flaming poster that had been slyly pinned to the tail of his duster. He had his revenge, upon the ladies, at least, when he re-entered the coach with a live crab that he threatened to turn loose unless all merriment cease.

One road lay along the beach, the hills crowding us into the sea, the receding waves giving the impression that we were being carried out on the tide. The Southern Pacific is blasting out the rocks to make a roadbed for the iron horse that is to put the stage out of business.

Rincon, where we stopped to change horses, is a lonely place, made historic and gruesome by a murder that occurred here years ago. A woman killed her husband and buried him in a sand dune, then made her children coast down the hill to obliterate the signs of a grave.

This stop was a favorable one for refreshment. A pile of baled hay under a tree gave seats for our improvised picnic. These hay bales always remind me of gigantic plugs of tobacco.

The communistic effect of the shaking up we had all had in the coach was evident. Each one had something to share with others. The swarthy signora with a shawl for a head covering untied the corners of her dusty kerchief and offered boiled eggs and hand made tortillas. The wholesale tobacconist who pled guilty to having once been a school teacher poured out his contribution from the necks of two claret bottles, then treated to cigars all who would indulge, including the lady Greaser. Sweets were naturally provided by the newly wedded pair who passed the paper bag again and again. Our involuntary booster of town lots was in a forgiving mood and distributed choice Ramona oranges from Mrs. Jackson's famed Camulos ranch.

Some one mentioned mice in connection with baled hay. Another spoke of rattle snakes sometimes inadvertently baled with the hay. Our impromptu picnic broke up. José, the half-Spanish stage-driver, was unusually entertaining. He gave us thrilling accounts of his recent love affair, wherein he had been persecuted, imprisoned, and mildly tortured by his sweetheart's mother. These tales were so consistent with our merry mood that we received them with laughter. But when he wiped his eyes and said that his loved one had died and was to be buried that afternoon our merriment ceased, and we accepted his statement that he was crazed with grief and did not know what he was saying. Halfway to Santa Barbara we met the returning stage. José changed places with that driver in order to attend the funeral of his beloved.

Did you ever hear the story of Santa Barbara? She was a Christian martyr in the days of the Roman Empire. Her heathen father was about to kill her for her faith when his knife was arrested by a thunderbolt. This heavenly deliverance did not prevent her later martyrdom, but has caused her to be regarded as the saint having power over the elements, the one to be implored in a thunder storm. By natural growth of post mortem sanctity and power her domain includes earthly warfare and the arsenal on some ships is called by her name. Her protection is scarcely needed in this peaceful city where a severe thunder storm is almost unknown. But last night we were treated to a terrific display of celestial artillery, appropriate to Memorial Day and the past that it celebrates. Even the horses shook with terror.

I had all Sunday and Monday at the hotel. There I met a lady who calls herself "Mamma," to three handsome little dogs.

Mr. Combs' home is here but he teaches in the beautiful Montecito Valley. On Sunday we attended church twice and went to a S.S. in his schoolhouse. Today being Decoration Day we went to the cemetery where E. P. Roe²² the novelist gave the address, from which I have borrowed the allusion to "Celestial artillery."

On our way back to the hotel we stopped at a stream and gathered a handkerchief full of frogs in the making, good sized pollywogs, and some common flowers. Under Mr. Combs' microscope we saw blood corpuscles chasing each other in a tadpole's tail, and the magnified jewels of pollen from the insignificant blossoms.

The Magees are now living in San Diego and I had a good visit with them before turning east.

San Diego is the oldest of California Missions. It is fast becoming a great and beautiful city. The Coronado, a crown shaped peninsula, is being laid out as a supremely delightful residential suburb. I am told that every deed of sale has a clause stipulating that the premises shall never be used for the sale of ardent spirits. We saw the plans for a grand hotel, now under construction. Every room is to be open to California's golden sunshine.

A small ostrich farm is one of the attractions of the Coronado. The birds are all native Californians except two thirty year old progenitors from Africa. The birds are fond of succulent vegetables and fruits. Old African Carlos tried repeatedly to pluck the cherry-red nose of another visitor, nipping persistently at this over-ripe fruit of St. James's glorious sunshine. They stood in rank close to the rail and inspected us with as much curiosity as we bestowed upon them. Our bright buttons looked to them like delicious morsels. They pecked and pecked till convinced that the grapes were sour. Then they looked sheepishly down at their red-beaded legs, and black, two-toed feet, or embraced each other affectionately with long, snake-like necks.

Coming east this time I changed to the narrow-gauge Denver and Rio

Grande road, at Ogden. There some of the ladies patronized the little bigamist who supports his dual household by charging three prices for a dime novel.

We spent several hours in Salt Lake City. Having seen the first Mormon temple, the one at Kirtland, I was interested to see points of similarity in the present Assembly Hall. Reserved seats for members of Aaronic and Melchizedekian priesthoods were much alike.

Our guide had but recently been released from durance vile in a Federal Prison, penance for too much marrying. A large group of proselytes just arrived from Honolulu increased the audience. The voluminous light mother hubbards of the women contrasted strongly with their dusky complexions.

In the immense egg-shaped tabernacle we saw the great organ built entirely by the saints. We even sat, one at a time, in Brigham Young's favorite chair. The high ceilings were still decorated with wreaths that had been there since Centennial year. A magnificent temple was begun in the eighteen-fifties, but is still devouring the tithes of the faithful.

The streets of the city are beautiful. On either side flows a stream of clear water, a wondrous sight and happy sound in this land reclaimed from the desert. Trees, flowers, and fruit, even a dilapidated strawberry with an original circumference of a foot, were exhibited as evidence of Heaven's favor on those who accept the revelation of *The Book of Mormon*.

Our train made its own timetable. . . .

Occidental Hotel, San Francisco, Calif.

September 17.

I am thus far on my journey to the Orient. Joy and sorrow are so scrambled in my heart that I don't know whether I am happy or miserable. The good hand of our God is upon us and there is much to enjoy every step of the way.

This is the most home-like hotel imaginable.²³ In spite of its size and the number of its guests each one of us is made to feel that she is the object of Mr. Hooper's personal concern. A basket of flowers comes to the room with his card, addressed to the individual guest, almost as soon as she arrives. On departure she is speeded with a basket of fruit. I don't know if the single men fare as well as the ladies whether married or single.

The waiters in the dining room are marvels of efficiency, yet are one and all so venerable in appearance that we marvel when we see them bearing heavy trays of food. They take verbal orders from a table full of guests, all at one time. The weight of the dishes that they bear in their hands is light compared with the hundred and one items of food that they carry in their minds without missing a single order.

We sail next Wednesday, September 21st, on the *City of Pekin*, sister to the *City of Tokio* that I saw here three years ago. The Tokio, alas, came to grief on the ungrateful shores of Japan.



THE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

East side of Montgomery, between Sutter and Bush Streets, San Francisco.
Enlarged from a view in the *San Francisco Municipal Reports*
for the Fiscal Year 1875-76.

Pacific Mail Steam Ship City of Pekin.

September 22.

I can never forget my last night in America. Miss Miner and I were in the same room. Neither of us slept much. We were too strong-minded to weep and lament but we could hear each other gently sniffing.

We had quite an ovation at the dock yesterday. It was a comfort to have Ventura friends there. Dear Amy was looking more beautiful than ever. They loaded us down with fruit, flowers, and candy.

There came a time when the last gong sounded and the gang-plank was drawn up. We watched the gulf between us and our friends ever widening. Someone started singing "Coronation." Ship and shore were still able to keep together in melody. Then came *Blest be the Tie That Binds*, to remind us that all visible earthly ties were hopelessly sundered.

Why did someone start *America* just as we were leaving her beloved shores, for we know not what? It was cruel.

September 23rd.

We have a long passenger list, mostly missionary. A company of charming young ladies are going out to Japan, Corea, and China. They are beautiful and attractive with plenty of intelligence as well as piety, and good breeding, plus education. If I were an unattached young man seeking an ideal wife, and able to judge sanely, I would go to the mission field and there have the pick of the very best, with practically no rivals to bother me. I feel truly unworthy to belong to this party.

I was the only woman down to breakfast either morning. Dr. Davison, a veteran from Japan returning with a new wife, and I are the only ones of the missionary party who have not been seasick. My place at the table is on the First Officer's left. He is a "jolly old soul," with the unique name of Lot Wall. From early boyhood he has gone down to the sea in ships. His life has been full of adventure but empty of home comforts since he ran away from a cruel step-mother.

My *vis a vis* is a much traveled cosmopolite with a profuse, tawny mustache, and an interesting sabre cut across his distinguished-looking nose. He speaks of life in Egypt and other foreign parts.

The ocean today is calm and such a lovely blue. Many of the invalids have come on deck for the first time. They look distressingly miserable. One of them said it made her wretched to see me so well.

Mr. Wall tells me that the *Pekin* is the largest American vessel afloat. This is her fiftieth round voyage and the first since electricity has been installed.

There are some distinguished people among us. Chief among the celebrities is little Samaro Kuki whose birth in Washington two years ago was such an interesting item in the newspapers. His diplomatic father is not much in evidence on deck, and the mother and nurse are too ill to care for the baby. But

he is well looked after by the long-haired Japanese artist just returning from Italy.

Another distinguished personage is Marquis Tokogawa, who, Mr. Davidson tells me, is the representative of an ancient Japanese family of great reknown and power. He is, in fact, the last of the Shoguns, and merits the title *The Little Tycoon*.

Professor and Mrs. Fenellosa, of the Imperial University of Tokio, are here with their small daughter, also plus Chinese valet and maid. They are recently bereaved. While abroad, their little son, left with the grandmother, sickened and died. Mrs. Fenellosa is very chatty and companionable.

September 27.

Since Saturday the rolling and pitching of our ship has been appalling. Personally I have enjoyed it. Captain Dearborn is not well and keeps to his cabin much of the time, where we young people serenaded him the other evening. The first officer is always on hand at meal times.

Sunday morning I had the deck to myself. The ship was dipping water at every plunge. Decks were awash and hatches down. The sheep, the chickens, and the cow that an ambitious lady is taking to China, looked so miserable. Social Hall was turned into a hospital. It required strenuous exertion to keep still, even in our bunks. Even with "fiddles" on the tables the process of eating was difficult, and there was the sound of crashing plates from the pantry.

Monday was better. In grammar wasn't the word "better," always a comparative of "good"? Here and now it follows "bad, worse," and even "worst."

Our ship has four masts and carries full sail to help combat the persistent head winds. Mr. Wall describes the craft as a full-rigged ship with a sloop behind. The saloon is one unbroken stretch from stem to stern. I love to go to the very bow, spread my rug, and there enjoy Neptune's teeter.

Don't tell, but Mr. Wall has taken me to places forbidden to passengers, the wheel-house, the bridge, the engine-room, and the chart room. He has even helped me to mount a short distance on one of the rope ladders. I have acquired a great deal of undigested information about clew lines and bunt lines and other nautical matters.

I have learned that my opposite at table is Col. Charles Chaille Long of Baltimore. He has had a truly eventful life. One evening on deck he told me some of his youthful experiences as officer in the Union Army where his nickname was Puss in Boots. Later he was Chief of Staff to Gen. Gordon in Africa. He does not give full credence to the report of Gordon's death at Khartoum. He says it is quite possible that the general is living somewhere as a prisoner among native tribes.

President Cleveland is sending Col. Long as our first Consul-General to the Hermit Kingdom.

The colonel is an author and explorer and was the first to bring specimens

of pygmy tribes to the United States. Captain Dearborn has told Mrs. Ferguson that he pities me for being obliged to sit opposite Colonel Long, a confirmed woman-hater. But I find him most entertaining, whether talking, or concocting a specially oily salad that he and Mr. Wall enjoy. He is a great admirer of the Bonaparte family and knew Madame Jerome very well.

Sunday, Oct. 10.

This has been an ideal Sabbath, observed even by the ocean as a day of rest and gladness. The Wycoff twins and I had an early morning song service up in the bow, which place I claim as my particular boudoir. They are such sweet, wholesome girls, who seem ideally fitted for home life. One wonders what may be before them in China.

A very pleasant fellow traveler who occasionally calls at my airy retreat is Dr. Chester Rowell of Fresno. He has recently lost his invalid wife and is now taking the round-the-world trip. When he learned that I came from the Ojai he asked if I had ever heard of a certain man, a patient whom he had sent there twenty years ago, with one lung already gone. I was happy to tell him that I had often seen the old man at church and that he had died of apoplexy not many months ago. Even here in mid-ocean I can sing the praises of the beloved Ojai.

Tomorrow,—Oh, there is to be no tomorrow. We cross the date line and shall waken into Tuesday, October fourth, and go all our days lacking this Monday the third of October, 1887.

Oct. 6.

This noon, with Mr. Wall's sextant I took the sun, then calculated our latitude and longitude. My answer differs from the captain's by just one minute.

The sailors are Chinese and look like goblins as they run nimbly up the rigging. Upright tabs on their close-fitting caps are the horns, that complete the likeness.

October eleventh.

We are in sight of land and too excited to write. We reach Yokohama this evening but do not go ashore till morning.

Grand Hotel, Yokohama, Japan.

Oct. 17.

We were at dinner when the ship dropped anchor and the propeller ceased its revolutions. It gave us queer sensations. On deck we sat peaceful and at ease, looking at the smoke from Oshima, the volcano in the bay. I am now in picture-book land.

It was quite a wrench to leave the *Pekin* that had been our home for three weeks, and say goodbye to the pleasant companions whom we shall never see again. The past looks bright in contrast with the unknown future.

NOTES

15. For a description of Nordhoff and the Ojai Valley at approximately this time, see Lindley, Walter, and Widney, J. P., *California of the South*, New York, 1888, pp. 279-82.

16. "Twelve miles south of San Buenaventura is Hueneme, where there are extensive wharves and the largest warehouses on the California coast south of San Francisco." Lindley and Widney, *California of the South*, p. 278.

17. S. Leslie Combs.

18. Miss Agnes E. Howe, who was principal of the Ojai School at this time. Miss Howe had begun her fifty-four year teaching career in Iowa at the age of 15, and in 1885 had come to the Ojai Valley, where she taught sixty pupils in an eight-grade school for \$60 a month. Leaving Ojai in 1889, she taught in Ventura, then completed her college work at Stanford University, and later joined the faculty of San Jose Teachers College, where she taught for more than 21 years. At one time she was president of the California Teachers Association. Living now in San Jose, at the age of 84 she still takes an active interest in State politics and current events, and recently drove her own car to Ojai.

19. The Matilija Hot Springs "are located six miles from Nordhoff and fifteen miles from San Buenaventura, in Ventura County. There are twenty-eight springs in all. They vary in temperature from 35°F to 160°F. The average flow is 5,000 gallons per hour." *Mineral Springs and Health Resorts of California*, by Winslow Anderson, M.D., San Francisco, The Bancroft Company, 1890.

20. Mrs. K. P. Grant, who died in Ojai several years ago.

21. *Cuscuta californica*, commonly known as the Dodder, or Love-vine.

22. Edward Payson Roe, 1838-1888. He was the author of *Brave Young Quakeress*, *Face Illumined*, *Found Yet Lost*, *Original Belle*, *Play and Profit in My Garden*, and other books.

23. The Occidental Hotel was on the east side of Montgomery Street and extended from Sutter to Bush. Major William B. Hooper was manager at this time.

THE BYRNES OF BERKELEY

From Letters of Mary Tanner Byrne and Other Sources

Compiled by MARY TENNENT CARLETON

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE BYRNE was born in Missouri in 1817. His father, Morgan Byrne, fought in the Irish rebellion of 1796 and escaped to America by hiding in a hogshead, which was loaded onto a sailing vessel. His cousin, Miles Byrne, escaped to France and became an officer in Napoleon's army. After migrating to Missouri, Morgan Byrne married a Miss Greene. Their son was named Napoleon Bonaparte because of the admiration of their cousin for the great commander. Later the family moved to New Madrid, Missouri, where Napoleon Byrne married Mary Tanner, of Virginia, whose father, James Tanner, had come to California in the early fifties and had died at Marysville.

In Missouri, Napoleon had a very prosperous plantation where he owned slaves and raised thoroughbred horses and cattle. Because of the malarial condition along the Mississippi River, he sold the plantation, freed his slaves, and brought his family to California, arriving in the fall of 1859 after a six months' journey across the plains in a covered wagon. With him he brought his wife and four young children—Peter, James, Maria and Edna, a babe in arms; his wife's mother and sister; two negroes (freed slaves)—Hannah, a nurse-maid, and Uncle Pete, the wagon driver—and some valuable stock, of which a fine Durham bull died on the way. Although they were able to bring little furniture, Mrs. Byrne did bring her guitar, some books, music, and a trunk full of silk dresses and other finery.

Letters written by Mary Tanner Byrne to relatives in Missouri after her arrival in California are still in possession of the family. The first, headed "Oakland, Alameda Co., California, October 9, 1859," gives her first impressions of San Francisco and Oakland.

You see we are at Oakland, only to think at Oakland, and yesterday we were in San Francisco, Edna and I. . . . It seemed as if it must be a dream, though we were up and down Montgomery Street many times and we brought away some tangible proofs of having been there. How often I have looked upon the maps and thought could it be possible that I should ever see this Pacific Metropolis. I have seen and been transported with satisfaction. . . . I got each of us a very pretty new bonnet of drab colored hair, mine trimmed with blue and Edna's with pink. They are really very pretty and becoming and cost seven dollars. . . .

There is not a day since I have been in Oakland that I have not seen every vegetable that I know anything about. Cabbages, tomatoes, Irish and sweet potatoes, green peas, snap-beans and raddishes; in short everything, apples and pears, plums, apricots and peaches; and I can emphatically assure you, you have never seen grapes. I have never seen nor tasted grapes before. It is a sight, the large purple bunches that have not a de-

fective grape on them, each grape often as large as the plums you have seen. I do not know what the bunches would weigh usually, but I am told they would weigh eight or nine pounds. Grape raising is getting to be a mania here, and wine making is going to be one of California's richest productions. Napoleon is in a great way about the grapes. He calculates on making a great deal of wine. We have been attending the fair since we have been in Oakland. The county fair has just closed. The display of fruit and vegetables was a far greater sight than I had ever dreamed could be made of such articles all in the bright of growing perfection. Raised without irrigation. Nap is assured by the gardeners around here that they do not need irrigation. They had some very fine stock at the fair but Nap thinks that his Kentucky bulls would have taken the premium, tho' some of these here are imported direct from England. The best imported one looks very much like Chihuahua but not so pretty to my taste. . . .

Nap tells me has about bargained for a place. . . .

The records of Alameda County show that Napoleon B. Byrne bought 427 acres from Stephen and Frances Connolley, on March 31, 1860; 160 acres from Margaret Adams, on April 2, 1860; 160 acres from H. A. Higley, on May 15, 1860; and 80 acres from Joseph Black, on April 10, 1861, making a total of 827 acres. From the descriptions in the deeds the exact locations of these pieces of property are not clear, but they extended west from Oxford Street somewhere near Cedar, in Berkeley, to the vicinity of the John Schmidt property, and from Oxford Street east over the hills into Contra Costa County.

Berkeley was not named until 1866. The land on which it stands was originally part of the vast Rancho San Antonio which had been granted to Luis Maria Peralta in 1820 and which comprised the sites of what is now the cities of Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley, Albany, Emeryville, Piedmont and part of San Leandro. The rancho had been divided by Don Luis in 1842 among his four sons, José Domingo receiving the northern end on which Berkeley and Albany now stand. Domingo in 1841 had built an adobe on the south side of Codornices Creek on what is now Albina Street, just off of Hopkins, and about ten years later he put up a frame dwelling just east of what is now 1505 Hopkins Street.¹ By 1860, when the Byrnes built their little house, these were practically the only houses in that vicinity, although there were a few at Ocean View (now West Berkeley), where Michael Curtis had built about 1852,² Captain W. F. Bowen had opened a roadhouse in 1853, and a small starch factory had been established in 1855. There was also the Victor Castro adobe on San Pablo Avenue near the county line.

In the second letter, which is headed "Near Oakland, Alameda Co., Calif." and dated March 26, 1860, Mrs. Byrne mentions buying land from Mrs. Adams. The deal was delayed because their money was not on the steamer on which they expected it and they had to wait for the following steamer.

I should regret immensely to lose this place, as I believe it the prettiest situation in the valley; indeed I have difficulty in believing there is prettier in the state. We have a beautiful view of it crossing the bay; even from the city we can see our little house distinctly. We can see it from Oakland to great advantage and from any part of the valley

this always looks to me as the fairest spot. I mean, of course, its natural situation, as there are no improvements whatsoever. As to Nap, land, land is all he studies, and I do not blame him. I know this is the time to buy as it is advancing in value every year and it can never be worth less than it is at present. He is now negotiating another trade for land adjoining us, which if he succeeds in getting is where we will build to spend our days, even if we owned leagues besides. . . .

April third . . . the first anniversary of our leaving Madrid . . . this is the first day I have really spent at home. Last night is the first night that we have spent under our own roof. You will understand by these that our money is come, it has indeed—Mrs. Adams is paid and has this day given up entire possession and in two days she sails for the states. Nap bought from her at \$25.00 an acre. He has about concluded his trade for the tract of land I mentioned in the first pages of this letter. He gives \$30.00 per acre for it. It lies immediately in front of us nearer to the bay. The spot for the building place is selected and I honestly think that a prettier or more desirable one can not be found on this side of the continent. The view is enchanting. The advantages of our situation are too numerous to mention. We will enjoy all of the conveniences of living near a growing metropolis without any of its discomforts. Nap grieves that his lands are not of the first class farming lands but I rejoice in having secured a place for a residence that is so pre-eminently beautiful, according to my own ideas of the beautiful, besides the land is good enough to pay for itself with one or two crops and then it is the very place that suits his business of stock raising combined with farming, besides the prices of first class farming lands in this valley range from \$50.00 to \$75.00 per acre and much of it is held at \$100.00.

Our place is about one mile distant (back) from one of the handsomest roads in the state. From Oakland to San Pablo is a distance of about twelve miles. The road has been laid out through the valley on a perfectly straight line within about one-half mile of the beach. It is immensely wide, tho' the land is so valuable. It is intended to set out the whole distance with trees, that never lose their foliage here, and it is styled the Contra Costa Avenue.³ We frequently ride down to Oakland on this road tho' it is somewhat farther than our own road, but the scenery is so beautiful that I can never look at it enough. There are three lines of stages running on this road, both ways, twice a day, so that we can ride down to Oakland any time almost for ten cents. The Contra Costa Ave. is also much resorted to by San Franciscans who delight in sporting their fine trotters on this beautiful road particularly in the summer season when I expect to see sights in the way of horse flesh. I have been told that in some of the fine livery stables in the city, they have not a horse that is not worth from \$2,500.00 to \$3,000.00 on account of their trotting qualities. A horse here that can not trot twenty-five miles in two and a half hours is not considered a fancy article at all. . . .

There is much talk and excitement at present throughout Cal. about the new gold and silver mines and discoveries are being made which it is thought will again "set the populations on the march, and move the world to wonder."

The Byrne home known as "The Cedars" was built in 1868, on Codornices Creek between Oxford and Spruce streets. It was said to be one of the finest houses in the East Bay, and its chimneys were the only ones to withstand the severe earthquakes which took place the year it was built. It is now owned by Mrs. Welcker.

The cedars, cypresses and pines which add so much to the beauty of Live Oak Park and vicinity were planted by Napoleon Byrne. Mrs. Byrne had bought the gum trees for \$5.00 each at the boat landing at First and Broad-

way in Oakland, when she was returning one day in the 60's from San Francisco.

North Berkeley was still sparsely settled and the Byrnes had few neighbors when "The Cedars" was built in 1868. Central and south Berkeley boasted a few more homes. Mr. Ferrier says:

An observer standing as late as 1868 on the hillside near the [site of the present] Stadium in the neighborhood of the [Capt. Orrin] Simmons' house on the banks of Strawberry Creek, at the point where there was an encircling view, would have looked out over these nearer houses and grounds, over the buildings and grounds of the School for the Deaf and Blind [the ground of which had been broken in 1867], to the occupied properties to the south and on then to the farther west, of John Kelsey, John T. Fowler, Amasa D. Colby, J. B. Woolsey, Noah Webster, Mark Ashby and James McGee, then to the north would have been seen the ranch home of John Schmidt whose tract of land had been a part of the José Domingo Peralta homestead reservation of three hundred acres; then more to the north would have come into view the Byrne ranch in the later Berryman district in north Berkeley—the tract which had been selected in 1867 as the site for the recently chartered Agricultural Mining and Mechanical Arts College. A commanding view-point would have encompassed the Goddard house immediately north of the University site.⁴

There were undoubtedly other residents that Mr. Ferrier fails to mention, although they were few in number. Mrs. F. W. Carleton (Edna Byrne) mentions the Mathews, Everdings, Snyders, Carletons and Hardwicks and says that these people all lived near San Pablo Avenue. Her father would have little or nothing to do with some of the neighbors because they were "damn Yankees." In fact the Byrne children believed the expression consisted of but one word. At that time feeling ran so high that fistful encounters often took place between Northern Republicans and Southern Democrats. Because the Byrnes had two negroes with them, feelings were a little harder with some who did not take the trouble to see what kindly relations existed between those freed slaves and their ex-Master. "Uncle Pete" later went into the whitewash business, always coming back to pay his respects to the family. When Edna married Frederic W. Carleton in 1881, Uncle Pete insisted on waiting on the table, saying that he had waited on the table when her father was married back in Missouri. When he was about to die, he sent for Mr. Byrne and wanted to present him with his life's savings, but his old master told him that this would not be fair to his children in Missouri, and saw to it that the money went to them. Mary Tanner Byrne, to express her concern over the strife between the North and the South, says in one of her letters, "I wish with all my heart there were no such things in this world as negroes."

On the political situation I quote Miss Kate Byrne:

There were few Democrats in early days in Alameda County. Prominent among them were Judge Glasscock and Colonel Jack Hays, of Oakland, and James McGee and Napoleon Byrne, of Berkeley. In order to maintain representation on the political ballot, it was necessary for each one of these Democrats to run for office. Byrne was an enthusiastic voter but not an office seeker. At one of the Alameda County Democratic

conventions, he was nominated for the State Legislature. In an effort to escape the formalities of an election, he argued, "Boys, I'm too busy with my ranch, and can't be bothered running up to Sacramento." Judge Glasscock, dropping his gavel, said, "I'll, Byrne, you don't expect to get it, do you?"

The strange thing is that Edna, the only child of Napoleon Byrne who married, married Frederic W. Carleton, whose ancestors since the year 1638, as well as himself, were all born in Massachusetts.

The first school the older Byrne children attended was a private primary school held at the Victor Castro adobe. The next was a school at Ocean View (later West Berkeley), across the road from Captain Bowen's saloon and grocery. Maria and Edna later attended the Convent of the Holy Names in Oakland, Maria being the first pupil registered there. Peter and James attended Santa Clara College. Peter planned to enter West Point, but in 1872, his mother wrote: "Peter has almost given up hope of getting into West Point. The Democrats were defeated in this State and our Congressmen give their support to the sons of men who are not Democrats. Sargent, our Congressman, told him that his father being a Democrat would make him objectionable." Instead, he took a course at the University of California, then called the College of California, which was at that time in Oakland. He then studied law in San Francisco, and in 1878 was Attorney for the City of Oakland. His friends predicted a brilliant career for him, but in 1879 he died from tuberculosis, then termed "quick consumption." After the opening of the Presentation Convent in 1878, the younger Byrne girls, Kate, Lee and Maude, attended school there.

Until St. Joseph's Parish was formed in 1877, the Byrnes attended mass at St. Mary's, at Seventh and Jefferson streets, Oakland. My mother, then Miss Louise Allen, told me that she remembered seeing the old negro in plum colored livery driving a handsome pair of horses up to the church, although she was not acquainted with the Byrne family at that time.

Returning to the letters: Between the last one, written in 1860, and the one headed "Codornices, October 15, 1871," from which we now quote, four more children had been born into the Byrne family: Kate, Luke, Lee and Maude. The mother, Mrs. Tanner, and her sister, Edna Tanner, had passed away.

Times were very gay in the East Bay in the early 70's. Mrs. Byrne writes of going to a party at least once a week during the summer of 1871. Maria, then 16, home for a seven-weeks' vacation, went to eight parties besides a Fourth of July picnic and several evenings at the fair and at the theater in San Francisco. The parties were all private sociables amongst the Southern people, who just at that time seemed to be having a series of them, first at one house, then at another. "We also gave one, which was a complete success. Set suppers were not allowed. I had an abundance of nice cake, sandwiches, coffee, etc., excellent music and a well lighted house, plenty of room and about seventy

guests mostly of the Southern elite of Oakland, also some of our San Francisco acquaintances and some of the boys' college friends, etc. . . ."

Mrs. Carleton says that the house was always filled with guests and that her father always good-naturedly said that his friends "ate him out of house and home."

By this time Napoleon Byrne had fully concluded that the soil on the Berkeley ranch was too poor on which to make an adequate living by farming. His friend, Dr. I. E. Nicholson, a well-known physician of Oakland, had become interested in farming on Venice Island, in the San Joaquin River north of Stockton. Byrne, Nicholson, J. Mora Moss, another prominent Democrat, and a Mr. Pettigrew bought the island. Both the Byrnes and the Pettigrews built there, Byrne owning a thousand acres of very rich soil. The island had to be leveed, the work being done by Chinese laborers with wheelbarrows. During dry years, immense crops were raised. Mr. Winfield Schmidt says that the Byrne boys told him that when they harvested potatoes or onions the ground was so covered with sacks that they could step from one to the other without difficulty.

Quoting further from Mrs. Byrne's letter of October 15, 1871:

Mr. Byrne has recently made a purchase of a thousand acres of overflowed lands in the San Joaquin River. It will be three years before the farming gets under headway, as the land has to be reclaimed by leveeing against the tides. The project of leveeing out the tides from these lands has only recently been carried into effect, and the yield of grain from them is unprecedented. The leveeing of this tule land will be done the latter part of this winter, after the rains are over, and then it requires a whole dry season to dry the tules which have to be destroyed by fire.

Mr. Byrne gave \$6.00 per acre for this land and the cost of reclaiming it will be \$5.00 so you see it will cost between twelve and fifteen thousand dollars, but then he will have a farm of unparalleled fertility that can not be affected by dry or wet seasons, as it can easily be irrigated to produce two crops per year. Mr. Byrne thinks as great fortunes will be made there with Chinese labor raising wheat as ever were made on Southern plantations.

After referring to graphic descriptions given by her relatives of their efforts at farming with free negroes, Mrs. Byrne continues:

Times in California are very dull. We are just getting through an intensely dry season. Short crops have been produced all over the State which have a disastrous effect on the prosperity of the country. Real estate is at a standstill in all parts, for which there are so many reasons assigned that I could not begin to enumerate them. A large white population is required for one thing, while the great number of Chinese coming here has a tendency to discourage immigration. The mines yield greater amounts every year but they are all worked by capitalists and are no longer attractive to men without capital. Oakland is improving steadily and surely and San Francisco is really a large city but the interior towns of the state improve less rapidly as they are mostly dependent on agricultural prosperity. Oakland is considered the prettiest town in the State and has the greatest number of handsome private residences outside of San Francisco.

The letter headed "Codornices, April 17, 1872" tells about "much of the youth of the country" having their eyes fixed on the mines of Arizona. "The

Indians are hostile, but nothing will daunt gold hunters. The Southern Pacific railroad will pass through that country before a great while when those extensive gold fields will have to be yielded to the civilized world. As yet they have been in the possession of savages of the worst type." It was difficult to keep Peter in school for his mind was on "southern deserts and unexplored territories" where there was supposed to be "mountains of treasure."

We have had a very unpleasant winter, a great deal of rain and bad roads—the wettest winter since '62. Our spring is backward and cold and crops rather unpromising from having too much rain in the wrong time. However it will be a prosperous year for California generally as the mines are yielding abundantly, never so much before as now.

The tule farm is now being reclaimed. We have 500 Chinamen at work on our island which is called Venice. The reclamation will be complete in a little more than a month from this time when it will be reclaimed from the tides which daily submerge it. Mr. Byrne has a thousand acres which will be ready for cultivation next winter or spring. It is a great venture on a new enterprize and if it is not a success, it would almost ruin us, but I think there is no doubt of its success. There is no land in the state so profitably cultivated when reclaimed, and ours is being leveed in the most substantial manner.

This is the last letter headed "Codornices." *Codorniz* is the Spanish word for "quail," of which there are great numbers along this creek. In fact, in all that territory all manner of game was plentiful: geese, ducks, rabbits and wild pigeons. It had not been so many years since grizzly bears (that gave their name to Grizzly Peak) had roamed over what is now Berkeley.⁵

The last letter we have of Mrs. Byrne is dated August, 1873.

I do hope that one year in Venice will suffice to get everything in working order that we may again return to our good home. I need not tell you that the children are all very loath to quit it and I grieve also. We have had so much comfort in the new house. We have not made anything on the Berkeley ranch for five years past.

Oakland is growing very fast and we are now considered to be living in a town of Berkeley which is building up around the new State University⁶ from the buildings of which we are distant a little less than a mile. There is no doubt that we are selling our land at the wrong time.

I must celebrate my silver wedding next fall, but I have considerable to show for it—eight children.

Mary Tanner Byrne died suddenly in March, 1874, a few months after they moved to Venice Island. Mrs. Carleton says that Colonel Jack Hays lived across the river from them at the time, on Mandeville Island, and that Mrs. Hays was very kind to them during their bereavement.

Probably one who had dealt with the floods of the Mississippi had no misgivings over the floods of a small river like that of the San Joaquin, but anyone familiar with flood conditions in California would readily realize that without modern equipment the task of keeping Venice Island reclaimed was an impossible one. Piece by piece the property in North Berkeley was sold until the very home itself with ten acres of ground was purchased by Mrs. Berryman and only six acres in that vicinity remained in the possession of the Byrnes. A large piece of the land was bought by Felix Chappellet and

H. B. Berryman. Mr. Chappellet was the father of the late Mrs. A. J. Snyder.

Another house was built at 1313 Oxford St., and the family returned in 1880 to Berkeley to find it a growing town with a railroad almost at their door. (Mr. Berryman had been instrumental in having the Southern Pacific run to Vine Street and Shattuck Avenue). Napoleon Byrne was not daunted; he went into the wood and coal business on University Avenue where the Lincoln Market now stands. Mrs. Carleton says that every one who wanted fuel without paying for it bought from her father. He had plenty of customers but very few paid bills. Anyone who told him a hard luck story received aid. Finally, when he had ten thousand dollars on the books owing him, he closed the coal yard.

In 1887 Grover Cleveland appointed Napoleon Byrne Postmaster of Berkeley. He served through both of Cleveland's administrations. The post office had been located on Telegraph Avenue near the University grounds. As this location was not considered convenient for the majority of the business men and residents of Berkeley, Mr. Byrne moved it to Center and Shattuck. Miss Kate Byrne says there was a great deal of protest about this move from the University people and Dr. J. H. C. Bonté, the secretary, refused to buy stamps, but imported them from Oakland. In order to keep up the standing of the post office, Mr. Byrne went among his friends, the commission merchants of San Francisco, to whom he had previously sold produce and arranged with them to buy their stamps from the Berkeley post office, thus keeping it in the same class. He finally had to appeal to Washington. The Government corresponded with Dr. Bonté and forced him to change his tactics. He always resented Mr. Byrne's part in the affair.⁷

Napoleon Byrne died on November 2, 1905, at the age of 88. Four of his children are still living—three of them in Berkeley. They are Mrs. F. W. Carleton, Miss Kate Byrne, Sister Salome of the Holy Names, who was Lee Byrne, and Miss Maude Byrne.

Mrs. Carleton says of her father, "He never lost his sense of humor, and could tell and enjoy a good story up to the day of his death. I don't think he ever worried about finances, as he had an abiding faith that the Lord would provide."

NOTES

1. Hoover, Mildred Brooke, *Historic Spots in California—Counties of the Coast Range*, Stanford University [1937], p. 31.

2. William Warren Ferrier, in the chapter on "Street Nomenclature" in his book, *Berkeley, California, the Story of the Evolution of a Hamlet into a City of Culture and Commerce* (Berkeley, 1933), confuses Michael Curtis with M. B. Curtis, an actor whose stage name was Samuel O'Posen. This man and his wife, Albina De Mer, built Peralta Park, now used by St. Mary's High School. Mr. Winfield Schmidt says that this house was built for impoverished actors. It was afterward the Sprague Seminary, and later it was sold to O'Connel and Lewis, then became the Dunn School for Boys, and finally it was bought by the Christian Brothers.

3. The present San Pablo Avenue.
4. Ferrier, *op. cit.*, pp. 111-12.
5. Mr. Winfield Schmidt tells of a Mrs. Parsons (aunt of a man named Frank Armstrong who once worked for him) who made a shroud in which to bury a man who had been killed by a grizzly in University Avenue Canyon.
6. The University of California was the outgrowth of the College of California which had begun in Oakland in 1853 as the Contra Costa Academy. Although the University was established by act of the State Legislature of March 23, 1868, it did not get started until 1870, and it was not until 1874 that it removed from the buildings of the old College of California, in Oakland, to the present campus in Berkeley. Hoover, Mildred B., *op. cit.*, pp. 58-59.
7. The "Statement of Expenditures of the State University Fund" in the *University of California, Biennial Report of the President, 1888* (Sacramento, 1889), p. 120, lists a payment of \$15.00 on August 15, 1888, to N. B. Byrne, for postage stamps; while the *Annual Report of the Secretary of the Board of Regents of the University of California for the Year Ending June 30, 1891* (Sacramento, 1891), p. 154, shows payments to N. B. Byrne of \$559.00 for postage stamps, \$5.00 for postal cards, and 25c for 1c wrappers.

NEW MEMBERS

NAME	ADDRESS	PROPOSED BY
Bowlen, Fred J.	San Francisco	A. T. Leonard, Jr., M.D.
College of the City of New York, Library of	New York	Miss Dorothy H. Huggins
Dalton, Roger P.	Azusa, Calif.	Mr. George Ezra Dane
Davis, Mrs. Francis H.	San Francisco	Mr. Ernest A. Wiltsee
Galloway, John D.	Berkeley	Mr. Charles S. Cushing
Gardner, Kenneth D., M.D.	San Francisco	Mr. Ernest A. Wiltsee
Gaucheron, Hon. Roger	San Francisco	Mr. Anson S. Blake
Haas, Edward F.	San Francisco	Mr. Anson S. Blake
Harris, Mrs. Lawrence	Woodside, Calif.	Mrs. George L. Cadwalader
Jones, Mrs. Bayard	San Francisco	Mrs. John O. Gantner
Meyer, Wilson	San Francisco	Mr. Warren R. Howell
Page, John R.	San Francisco	Mr. George E. Dane
Parker, Dr. Robert J.	San Francisco	Miss Dorothy H. Huggins
Powley, N. R.	San Francisco	Mr. Allen L. Chickering
Santa Rosa Junior College	Santa Rosa	Miss Dorothy H. Huggins
Taylor, Miss Frances	Carmel, Calif.	Mr. F. P. Howard

MARIANO GUADALUPE VALLEJO

and

SONOMA

A Biography and a History

By GEORGE TAYS

CHAPTER VIII

GENERAL VERSUS GOVERNOR

VALLEJO and Alvarado had been bosom friends from their infancy, and as they grew to manhood they had shared each other's secrets and had become political allies. But when, as commandant and governor, they found themselves securely in their respective offices, a number of misunderstandings developed which lasted as long as their control of public affairs and which finally brought about their removal from office.

In order to succeed in his revolutionary activities in 1836, Alvarado had been obliged to obtain Vallejo's co-operation and had flattered him by bestowing upon him the commandancy general as a reward. While Vallejo did not take an active part in the revolt, he did give it his cordial and effective support, which saved it from failure. Though he stayed in the north, his moral support aided the campaigns in the south.

While Don Guadalupe did not approve of all of Alvarado's acts during the first two years, he did not obstruct his policies. In the summer of 1838, however, José Carrillo influenced Vallejo to support his brother, Carlos Carrillo, in his claims to the governorship. That hurt Alvarado's feelings, and later embarrassed Vallejo and damaged his reputation. There was no public display of ill feeling between them, but subordinates found it advantageous to stir them up to such a state of mind that a quarrel became inevitable.

Differences between them began early in 1839, when a reorganization of the territorial government was deemed necessary and the enlargement of the military branch seemed all important to Vallejo. He wanted first to enlarge presidial companies and rebuild the forts. His plans were so extensive and costly that Alvarado withdrew his support and soon regarded Vallejo's efforts as attempts to interfere in the affairs of state.

The General wrote to the Governor urging the establishment of a military post at Santa Rosa, but he found that not only was his recommendation disregarded but Alvarado had discharged some officers without his consent, in his effort to reduce expenses.¹ Much incensed, Vallejo wrote to Alvarado on May 19, 1839:



COMMANDER CHARLES WILKES, U.S.N.

Who Visited Vallejo at Sonoma in 1840

From Vol. 1 of *Narrative of the U. S. Exploring Expedition, 1838-42*,
by Charles Wilkes, Philadelphia, 1850. Courtesy of the Society
of California Pioneers.

The Commandancy General, in addressing this official note to Your Excellency, which is proper since you are a colonel in the militia, flatters itself that its high military rank should merit it more consideration, but notices with surprise cold indifference instead. Mr. Governor, it is very gratifying and very flattering to possess power, but nevertheless you should not ignore the physical force which supports you. The military arm has always upheld you with dignity, and without it no government has existed either before or now. All governments have owed their support to its laws and the skill of the leaders in the art of war.²

He followed with further arguments for the reinstatement of his officers, all of which Alvarado ignored.

The Governor was greatly troubled by office-seekers. He also suffered from ill health, and from nervous exhaustion due to excessive drinking, and at such times delegated his authority to his secretary, Manuel Jimeno Casarin, as acting governor. José Castro also took a hand in state matters. Neither Casarin nor Castro was well disposed towards Vallejo. Furthermore, José Ábrego, the treasurer, always favored the civil officials at Monterey in the distribution of funds, rather than Vallejo and his officers. The friction between General and Governor consequently increased. Much correspondence was exchanged, full of charges and recriminations (mostly untrue) in regard to the money spent by both branches of government. Alvarado's southern enemies took advantage of his differences with Vallejo and made his position doubly difficult. Surrounded by these adverse influences, both men found it impossible to obtain an impartial distribution of funds or to conduct a wise administration of the public interests.³

Undoubtedly, Vallejo's motives regarding the welfare of his country were honest. He spent his time and money for the advancement of his military reforms and the development of the frontier. He believed that Alvarado was neglecting his duties, and was deeply hurt by the latter's actions, which seemed to indicate that his aid was no longer needed to crush those opposed to the Governor. The Monterey faction felt that Vallejo should attend to his frontier; that when needed he should willingly assist with his army, but that he should never interfere with the operation of the government.

On August 14, 1839, Alvarado asked Vallejo for troops to quell a disorder in the south. Vallejo refused and wished to know the nature of the danger, pointing out that he would readily support the law, but not its abuse.⁴ Unable to obtain the troops, Jimeno wrote Vallejo that they were no longer needed. The General then attempted a reconciliation with Castro and Jimeno, but met with a cool reception. In August, Vallejo invited Castro to Sonoma for an interview; but Castro refused, suggesting San Juan as a meeting place. Later that same day, fearing that he might be classed as insubordinate, Castro wrote again, saying that he would go to Sonoma as soon as his health permitted.⁵

José de Jesus Vallejo, some time after, wrote the General that Alvarado had refused overtures of conciliation due to Castro's influence. He also reported

many suspicious activities. Prado Mesa likewise wrote, telling of the great discontent in San José over injustices done by the civil government and advising the General that it was time to bring the officials to their senses.⁶

On September 8, Vallejo requested an interview with the acting Governor, either at Santa Clara or San José, to discuss matters of great importance. Jimeno refused on the absurd pretext that he was not allowed to leave the capital without the Mexican President's permission.⁷ In October, José A. Carrillo complained to Vallejo that he was being persecuted by the Monterey officials, and that he would have to sell his properties and leave California, as he was under constant suspicion and his private affairs were not safe.⁸ These complaints convinced Vallejo that he should take action.

At this time, Chief Solano decided to accept an invitation extended to him by Alvarado in 1836, to visit Monterey, and proposed to take a large body of Indians with him. Vallejo, seeing that this visit might frighten the Monterey authorities, enthusiastically gave his permission. Wild rumors spread throughout the territory that Solano would invade the capital with two thousand braves. Vallejo was immediately bombarded with protesting letters from friends as far south as Los Angeles, begging him not to allow the trip, even for the purpose of frightening Alvarado. He thereupon promised to ask Solano not to take over a thousand men,⁹ which, of course, was sheer nonsense, for it was never intended to send even a hundred. In the end, only thirty-one men made up the party which, with Vallejo, called on the Governor.¹⁰

At Monterey, Vallejo had an interview with Jimeno on October 30, 1839, but since no agreement was reached, he resolved to go home to attend to his own affairs, hoping that the Lord might save California from the ruin he foresaw.¹¹

After returning to Sonoma, Vallejo decided to go to Mexico to report California's needs and condition to the President. On December 1, 1839, he had his successor chosen by vote among the officers, but when the time came to relinquish his command, he changed his mind and sent Captain Juan Castañeda to Mexico in his place. Castañeda, after some difficulty in raising funds, finally sailed late in December, 1839. He took with him a letter from Vallejo to Congressman Castillero, asking him to aid his military reforms.¹²

Vallejo had always desired to go to Mexico. He now requested leave from the President, for he was confident that if he did go he could get his plans adopted. Alvarado disapproved of the General's proposed trip. During 1840, their quarrel waxed hotter, and they accused each other of jurisdictional interference. The General wanted full power for the military, while Alvarado claimed that the military should be subordinate to the civil authority. Meanwhile their friends widened the breach by presenting new causes for disagreement, thus stopping all progress in California.

In March, 1840, the Governor wrote to Mexico that California was at peace and that Castañeda's false reports should not be heeded. A month later Vallejo received a severe blow when the President denied his leave on the ground that there was no other competent officer to relieve him on the frontier—a subtle bit of flattery. The President also sent word that Castañeda would soon return with the needed military supplies.¹³

Greatly disappointed, Vallejo vented his wrath on Alvarado by badgering William Hartnell, his mission inspector, who had been appointed on January 19, 1839.¹⁴ Vallejo had taken possession of the properties of Mission San Rafael several years previous, so when Hartnell arrived to inspect them in April, 1840, the General resented it. He thought the Governor was sticking his nose into his private affairs, while Alvarado countered that Vallejo did not want the property distributed.¹⁵ When Hartnell arrived to examine the accounts the Administrator placed every obstacle in his way.¹⁶ On hearing that Hartnell was at San Rafael, Vallejo hurried there, only to find that the Inspector had already left. Wrathfully he pursued the unsuspecting Hartnell to Yerba Buena, where he arrested him and took him back to Sonoma as a warning not to interfere with affairs of the northern frontier.

Don Guadalupe's action was high-handed, reprehensible, and outside of his jurisdiction and legal authority. However, he took the position that as commander and director of colonization, he had full control of Indian affairs north of the Bay. Alvarado refused to accept this argument and protested vigorously, but when Hartnell was released, he dropped the matter. The ill feeling continued, however, and each new incident added fuel to the flames.¹⁷

During 1840, Vallejo accused Treasurer Abrego of distributing the funds unequally between the civil and military departments. He demanded an exact accounting of the money, but denied the Governor the right to audit military expenditures. On the other hand, Abrego took delight in seeing Alvarado interfere with the "Autocrat of Sonoma." The Treasurer demanded that the General should produce his commission as commandant general, or receive only a captain's pay. Vallejo refused, partly to snub Abrego, but mainly because his title was only that of military commander.¹⁸ When Alvarado refused to call on Vallejo when the latter came to Monterey in March, 1840, the General chided him for making a public display of their dissension.¹⁹ Then when Vallejo went home, on April 1, 1840, Alvarado convoked the Legislature in extra session. He reported that "certain men," meaning Vallejo, Pico, and J. A. Carrillo, were plotting to overthrow the government by insurrection. He accused Vallejo of spreading false rumors of disaster; of assembling troops at Sonoma against the government; of refusing to aid the authorities against wild Indians; and of working against him in Mexico in order to secure both offices for himself. To Alvarado, the General must have appeared like a giant, sinister spider, sitting at the center of a great web in Sonoma,

from whence its radial lines reached out in all directions and upon which he ran out from time to time to capture some insect in the form of a civil officer.²⁰

Alvarado asked for authority to spend money for arms to defend the country, and since the legislators present were Alvarado's friends, they gave him full power to deal with Vallejo, "who was only military commander," should he persist in neglecting his duties with sinister intentions.²⁰ In spite of this, Alvarado's only action was to form a company of militia and assemble some arms at Monterey. Vallejo made no reply to the Governor's charges, but continued to complain about affairs until September, 1840. To his brother, José de Jesus Vallejo, he wrote that he would never forgive those who were causing the approaching catastrophe; he hoped to die because his efforts were so fruitless, but wished that the crisis would come soon so that the officials who thought they could save the country, might be taught a lesson. Though bitter at being continually slighted, he proposed to remain at his post until his resignation was accepted. In April he wrote to Mexico that because his authority was no longer respected he submitted his resignation. Until September, however, he continued to quarrel with Alvarado over law enforcement.²¹

While the General and Governor were quarreling in 1840, another problem rose to confront them. The Governor had used Isaac Graham and his men in the revolution of 1836, but recently they had so annoyed him by their familiarity that he sought to get rid of them. Early in the year, he heard that Graham and his foreigners were planning to make a second Texas out of California. This was just the opportunity for which the Governor had been looking.²²

The plot was discovered April 4, 1840; the Legislature was convened; and on the 5th, Alvarado notified Vallejo and asked him for aid.²³ Castro was ordered to arrest all foreigners from San Francisco to Monterey. Vallejo co-operated fully: issued orders, forwarded arms, watched the trappers on the Sacramento, and placed the bark *Joven Guipuzcoana* at the Government's service to take the prisoners to Mexico. On his way down to Monterey he arrested a number of foreigners at Yerba Buena, among them William Heath Davis, Nathan Spear, John Marsh, and William Shea. They were released, however, several days later.²⁴ At Monterey, Vallejo took charge of deporting the prisoners, but when they were safely at sea, he returned to Sonoma and renewed his feud with the Governor.

On January 1, 1840, Vallejo wrote to Mexico that the civil government was in unskilled hands and that attempts were being made to destroy the military branch. To offset this, he recommended reorganization of presidial companies, a more just distribution of funds, and the establishment of a postal system, because public and private mail was being tampered with at Monterey.²⁵ He advised President Bustamante that he no longer had influence with Alvarado, who did nothing but increase expenses. He asked that a commission be sent

to California to study its needs and requested permission to visit Mexico to make a personal report, recommending aged Captain Don José de la Guerra as the only officer competent to take his place during his absence.²⁶

Vallejo's opponents angrily accused him of trying to humiliate them so that he might become Governor, and charged that he was allying himself with foreigners.²⁷ Captain Charles Wilkes, U.S.N., confirmed these views when he wrote: "Zonoma is to be the capital of this country, provided the general has power and lives long enough to build it up. An idea has got abroad that he is looking to the gubernatorial chair, and to be placed there by the same force that has raised Alvarado and himself to the posts they now occupy."²⁸ In January, 1841, Vallejo wrote to Henry Virmond that his enemies believed that he was attempting to seize the governorship, and might succeed, but he had no such desires.²⁹

It was at this time that he began to foresee that California might not long remain under Mexican rule. He saw in the increasing immigration that another Texas episode was in the making and continually warned his government of the imminence of the danger and of the only means to avert it. He believed it best that the change should not find any of his family in control of the territory. That, at least, would save the family name from disgrace.

During the summer of 1841, Vallejo tried a reconciliation with Alvarado. He wrote, regretting their estrangement because "no men were ever united by so many ties from infancy to manhood" as they, and stating that he hoped to resign and thereby remove all grounds for rivalry. José de Jesus Vallejo also tried to bring them together but failed. Invitations were then exchanged between the General and Alvarado, for the latter to visit Sonoma and for the former to meet him at Santa Clara, but each had some excuse and nothing came of these negotiations.³⁰

On July 19, 1841, the *Bolina* arrived in Monterey from Mexico, bringing reports that a new commandant general had been appointed who was bringing an army of five hundred men to California, and Alvarado passed on these rumors to Vallejo.³¹

During October, Vallejo received despatches, dated in April, in which the President assured him that necessary reforms would be promptly put into effect. Alvarado was urged to show due respect for the General, and both were asked mutually to co-operate.³²

José Castro returned from Mexico on October 16, 1841, with oral instructions from Bustamante to reconcile the two leaders, since he feared a crisis impended and Vallejo's co-operation was essential. He attempted the task at once, but was met by accusations from Vallejo of double-dealing while in Mexico. These Castro denied, asserting his undying friendship and cursing the men who had kept his two closest friends at loggerheads. He asked Vallejo to meet him at Monterey or San José, urging him to forget personal differ-

ences for the country's good. Alvarado soon after wrote to Vallejo expressing willingness to reduce the number of officials, to reorganize the army and to consult with him about affairs, if policy could be reconciled with duty.³³

Vallejo refused to meet Castro at Monterey, but a meeting was held at Mission San José on November 10, the discussions continuing until the 18th. The conclusion was reached that if the country was to be saved from foreign invasion, national aid was imperative. Castro was to go to Mexico as Vallejo's commissioner to obtain aid and to ascertain the trend of political conditions. Perhaps Alvarado and Castro had planned that Vallejo would send the latter, thus aiding the Governor's interests. On November 13, Vallejo and Castro were alarmed and shocked to learn that fifteen immigrants from the Bartleson-Childs party had appeared in the Pueblo of San José, bringing letters of security from Dr. Marsh.³⁴ This so aroused Vallejo that he wrote to Alvarado on November 17:

If the country had ever found itself free for one instant from the urgent necessity of procuring means for defence against the ambitious aims of the adventurers who beset it, and also of the savage Indians and thieves who devastate it; if I had failed on one single occasion to call Your Excellency's attention to the insecurity in which we live; and finally, if the long series of almost daily disasters, which we have cause to lament, were not sufficient to prove it an all too costly experience when we failed to organize a permanent military corps which is urgently needed for the safety of our country, in inviolability of our rights, the preservation of our properties, and the security of our families; I would remain silent. But since that is not the case, I should say that the time has now arrived when we must hasten all our efforts, and work with an uninterrupted activity to place ourselves in readiness against the many calamities that surround us all at once. But our unfortunate country has always found itself in the same situation, and all that I might be able to say on this matter would be only the repetition of that which I have constantly made known to Your Excellency. Nevertheless, the actual circumstances, perhaps, demand more urgently than ever effective means for security.

The ministerial note of May 18, last, addressed to this commandancy general and to Your Excellency, states the audacious pretensions and shameless proposals of the North Americans regarding our unfortunate Department. Proposals brazenly published in the dailies of the United States, and copied with just indignation by our own agents so that they may be inserted in those of the Mexican Republic. Those newspapers have reached Your Excellency's hands, and no doubt they made you shudder with horror at seeing such great boldness.

Well, the individuals from Missouri to whom those newspapers and the said note refer, have already arrived, and are here among many others from the same place. All come armed and none have passports either from our agents or from their own government. What should have been done with them is known; but could it have been done? Who could be sure that on being sent back they will not make use of their arms, seeing the state of defencelessness in which we find ourselves? There is no doubt that in that case, in spite of their number, we could arm the people and subdue them, but then who would chastise the Indians who would probably take advantage of the absence of the inhabitants to fall upon the towns? Thus it is that, reconciling my duty in every possible way with the circumstances, I made them appear before me and produce a surety who will answer for their conduct, while in person or by proxy they ask Your Excellency for the necessary permission, if you are pleased to grant it, but on the precise condition

that in case they agree to settle here, they shall have to return to Missouri, from where they will request the legal documents for their admission. They promised to do so, but if they do not do it, how can we demand it of them? This is the disadvantageous position in which we find ourselves because we have no force with which to back our orders.³⁵

By its tone, Vallejo's letter leaves little doubt that he was not then a partizan of American immigration or annexation. The next day he wrote to Treasurer Abrego, that Castro was leaving for Mexico at once on very important business, therefore, should give him 1,500 pesos for traveling expenses.³⁶

Vallejo returned to Sonoma where, on November 30, he received a letter from Alvarado saying that he had ordered Captain J. B. R. Cooper to get the *California* ready to sail immediately for Acapulco, to take Castro with despatches from both of them, and to ascertain the political situation, since it was rumored that General Santa Anna had overthrown President Bustamante. Alvarado regretted the arrival of immigrants and said that necessary steps should be taken to prevent more from entering.³⁷ This letter would make it appear that Alvarado was ready to forget past quarrels.

On December 6, the Governor suddenly changed his mind and wrote to Castro not to go to Mexico. He said that a party of New Mexico trappers had arrived in Los Angeles and his services might be needed in case of trouble. Alvarado was sure that even if Mexico sent troops it would be six months before they would arrive. Perhaps he hoped that the new ruler of Mexico would ignore Vallejo's commissioner.³⁸

When Vallejo learned that Castro was not to go to Mexico, he decided to send Victor Prudon and a package of seven letters, dated December 11, 12, and 14, 1841. He also gave Prudon a set of instructions with fifteen articles, telling him how, when, and where he was to go and what to do when he arrived. Only six days were to be spent in Mexico.³⁹ In his despatches, Vallejo frankly pictured conditions in California:

Most Excellent Sir: On the return of Captain Don José Castro to this Department, I had a number of conferences with him; and I had decided that he should return to that Capital in company with Captain of Militia and Secretary of the Commandancy General, Don Victor Prudon, to place in Your Excellency's hands an exact report of the state in which this country finds itself, that is so promising, but which can accomplish nothing; for its happiness is conditional, and its misery positive. Its geographic location, the mildness of its climate, the fertility of its soil, the amenity of its fields, the safety of its ports, among which that of San Francisco deserves to rank among the principal ones of the world, its navigable rivers and inlets, etc., guarantee it a state of prosperity which it is not permitted to attain due to its lack of population. From that lack of population results its lack of defence, and from this, its insecurity. Thus it is that daily throughout the whole extent of the Department, with the exception of this frontier, where I maintain a military force of forty men at my own expense, there are Indian raids which ravish the fields with impunity, and destroy the only effective wealth of the country, the cattle and horses. The otter and beaver which abounded in California, have been exterminated, the first by the Russians, and the latter by the Columbians [trappers from the Columbia River] who still continue to trap them to the point of extinguishing the species, as the Russians have done with the otter. And we have to

endure all those ills because we cannot prevent them, since we have no troops. All that we have suffered and shall endure, if we do not avert the tempest which is presaged for us by the thick clouds that darken our political horizon, is derived from one and the same source; it comes from one single cause: all of it we should attribute to the *lack of troops*.

This has been, Your Excellency, the motive which inspired me with the idea of addressing to you, by the aforementioned commissioners the various notes which they shall have the honor to place in Your Excellency's hands, all of them relative to the exigencies of the country, with the hope that Your Excellency's zeal and acknowledged patriotism will be exerted to contribute towards the salvation of this valuable portion of Mexican Territory. The commissioners will be able to satisfy Your Excellency about all of which you may judge opportune to inform yourself.

On the 9th of November, last, while at Mission San José, during a conference with Don José Castro, I received word of the arrival at the town of San José of a party of thirty-three foreigners from Missouri. I had them appear before me to demand their passports, and I was told that they had none, because they did not deem them necessary, since they did not use them in their country. I took a list of their names and the object of their journey. I asked them to return to their country and to get the required documents, and I gave them provisional papers so that they might travel in safety to Monterey, to see the governor and get the necessary permission from him to travel in the country. I gave the governor an account of everything, but do not know the results. I took what seemed to me the only way to reconcile justice with the present circumstances, since we find ourselves forced to accept them as we cannot prevent them from entering, and all because we lack troops. This party numbers thirty-three but it is said that a larger one is on the way.

The total population of California does not exceed 6,000 souls, and of these two-thirds must be counted as women and children, leaving scarcely 2,000 men. But we cannot count on the 15,000 Indians in the towns and missions because they inspire more fear than confidence. Thus we have this lamentable situation in a country worthy of a better fate. And if the invasion which is taking place from all sides is carried out, all I can guarantee is that the Californians will die; I can not dare to assure you that California will be saved. This people, loyal to their flag, will follow the same course and fate. They will be replaced by or dominated by another race at least. Those others will probably conserve their great past, raising their flag to wave in the breeze. Thus also the noble people of California will preserve their noble attitude of free men while a drop of blood remains in their veins, and will bite the dust before kissing the enemy's hand.

Have the kindness to excuse this burst of feeling in a soldier who laments not having arms, when he sees the treasure being stolen. I regret to bother Your Excellency's patriotic zeal, but I must be a truthful steward when speaking of the national interests. The danger seems closer than the help, and it is urgent, and it is with the hope of getting it that I have the honor of addressing Your Excellency.⁴⁰

Vallejo was voicing his sincere opinions. Had he really been anxious for American annexation as he claimed later, he could have remained silent about the danger. Instead, he sent a list of the names of the Missouri immigrants, the original of Sutter's well-known letter to Leese threatening to call for French aid, and other long letters reporting the needs of the territory.⁴¹

Because of the defencelessness of the country, the disorganized state of all of the administrative branches, the scarcity of revenues to meet the salaries of the many unnecessary employes, the almost continuous violation of the public trust, the inefficient and inadequate mail service, and the difficulty in

maintaining unity and agreement between the Governor and the Commanding General of the Department, Vallejo petitioned the Minister of War for:

1. A ruler in whom civil and military authority would be united and who would be free from ties of kinship which might prevent him from governing the country impartially.

2. A force of at least 200 men, with its corresponding officers, "all secure in their salaries."

3. The dismissal of superfluous treasury employes and the transfer of the administration of the custom-house to the treasurer.

4. The establishment of a post office department.

5. The rebuilding of the fort at San Francisco (the only remnant of any defence left in the country) and the erection there of a government house, barracks, jails, custom-house and wharf.

6. A large colony of Mexicans composed principally of artisans and farmers, since California's "present population forms a number of only four digits, its lands and fertile, fruitful estates are fit for the cultivation of plants from all climates, particularly tobacco, the olive, cotton, hemp, etc."

He also asked that the customs laws be enforced. If this were done the foreign vessels would have to consign their goods to a resident of the Department, and the natives could then carry on the coastwise trade, pack-train business, etc. California was importing wines of all classes, brandy from Catalonia, tobacco from Virginia, olive oil from Marseilles, cloth from Boston, confectionary goods of all kinds, and even the most common articles of furniture such as brooms, from the Sandwich Islands. By prohibiting the importation of brandy, wines and olive oil, "our vineyards and olive orchards would have greater value and a greater number of producers. Furthermore, the liquors being of the scarcer kinds and consequently more expensive, it would be an obstacle to drunkenness . . . If there were no English boots, nor American blankets, we might be able to sell Californian shoes and robes."⁴⁹

Prudon arrived in Monterey on January 1, 1842. The *California* was waiting for him and ready to sail at a moment's notice for Acapulco, but obstacles were placed in Prudon's way, Alvarado putting him off with silly excuses, while waiting for Castro to arrive for a conference. The Governor expressed fear that since President Bustamante had been overthrown they no longer had a friend in Mexico and the *California* might be seized at Acapulco. He also stated that the treasury could not pay the expenses of the commissioner, and his officials joined him in that opinion. Prudon became convinced that there was a plot to prevent his departure, or at least to defeat his mission, so he wrote to Vallejo, warning him of the intrigues of his pretended friends and his foes, and telling him that there was a conspiracy to intercept all his correspondence and to slander him in Mexico. He feared that Alvarado's henchmen might take his despatches, and even his (Prudon's) life. He had

been unable to collect the expense money from the treasury, and he was sure that Castro was deceiving the General. Prudon further believed that the *California* would sail by way of the Sandwich Islands, and that Alvarado would send an agent accredited to Santa Anna, in order to compromise Vallejo.⁴³

Early in January, Abrego informed Vallejo that there was no money with which to cash his order for 1,500 pesos. Then on January 9 and 10, Abrego offered Prudon 500 pesos in coin and 1,000 pesos in merchandise, which Don Victor might peddle for his money. Prudon was forced to accept.⁴⁴ Vallejo had foreseen that difficulty and had provided Prudon with a draft for 8,000 pesos, drawn on Don Francisco A. Barrios in Mexico. Of that money, whatever was not used for expenses was to be invested in powder and other munitions.⁴⁵

Vallejo received letters from the south warning him that the "Blue Shirts" were plotting to overthrow him, even if they had to kill him. Roberto Prado wrote from Santa Barbara, on January 2, 1842, that Pio Pico, Carlos Carrillo and others were plotting to annex California to England.⁴⁶

In later years Vallejo claimed that Alvarado had planned to send the *California*, bearing his agents to President Santa Anna, before Prudon could get his money. The Governor and his party, believing Vallejo's despatches were for Bustamante, decided to allow Prudon to go on the *California*, hoping that Vallejo would be discredited, but he outwitted them by sending Prudon some blank paper with his signature, on which the latter copied them, addressing them to the new officials. He also wrote a decoy letter, which fell into Alvarado's hands, to throw them off the scent.⁴⁷ The original despatches, now in the Mexican Archives, are addressed simply to the "Minister of War."

Alvarado years later admitted that he tried to prevent Prudon from reaching Mexico by refusing him the money, but that Vallejo had circumvented him.⁴⁸

Alvarado's commissioners were Administrator of Customs Manuel Castañares, recently arrived from Mexico, and Francisco Rivera. They carried a number of letters from Alvarado to the Minister of Foreign Relations, in which he discussed immigration and accused Vallejo of failing to co-operate with him in stopping American adventurers from entering the territory. He also exposed the General's weakness and cowardice in dealing with the foreigners who had arrived in San José. He claimed that civil officials had disarmed them pending the adoption of effective measures, but that Vallejo had restored their arms, given them passports, and had thus tied his hands. He pointed out that the situation in California was not as bad as Vallejo described it. True, he and the General had some slight misunderstandings. The Indian situation was not alarming, for they could be subdued by volunteer troops. The Russians had withdrawn from Fort Ross, and he had reserved all

rights to the Land for the Government. It was his intention to place a garrison there to protect the frontier against encroachments, but Vallejo had failed to co-operate with him in this respect.

He said that there were ambitious schemes abroad in California which menaced the safety of Mexican territory, and urged the Government to send a force of at least 150 or 200 men, or that he should be given authority to raise troops. If troops and resources were sent, he was confident that he could defend California with honor.⁴⁹

It is evident that Alvarado sent his commissioners simply to prevent the success of Vallejo's plan to have the two branches combined under one person. There is no evidence that Vallejo wanted the governorship, or that Alvarado wished to have the General removed. There is also no proof that Alvarado had submitted his resignation. Vallejo had sent his resignation, but Alvarado's has not as yet been discovered in the archives.

Albrego wrote to Vallejo in mid-January that the commissioners were ready to sail, and assured him that there were no revolutionary plots at Monterey, except those which might exist in the minds of men deep in their cups.⁵⁰

The *California* finally sailed from Monterey on January 20, 1842, and landed the envoys at Acapulco on February 14. Hastening to Mexico City, they arrived on March 2, only to find that early in February, Brigadier General Don Manuel Micheltorena had been appointed governor of California. It was a hard blow to learn that all their plots and intrigues had been for naught.

They did achieve something, however. President Santa Anna confirmed Prudon as captain and promoted Vallejo to a lieutenant colonelcy of the regular army. Manuel Castañares was reappointed to the custom house, and Alvarado was commissioned colonel of militia. The four principal persons concerned having been given some sort of compensation to soften their disappointment, the commissioners returned to California in company with the new Governor.⁵¹

Castañares arrived too late to help Alvarado. Vallejo's resignation was accepted, the two commands were combined, and troops were sent to California. Micheltorena was appointed January 22, 1842, and the Californian authorities were notified on February 22.⁵²

After months of delay Governor Micheltorena left Mexico, with 350 men, the expedition reaching San Diego on August 25, 1842, in wretched condition. On September 3, the Governor notified Vallejo and Alvarado of his appointment, and asked to be placed in possession of his office. Vallejo wrote all subordinate officers of the change on September 19, and surrendered his office apparently without bitterness or regrets. A few days later, October 6, Micheltorena appointed him commander of the northern line from Sonoma to Mission Santa Inés.⁵³

To Alvarado the arrival of the new Governor was a bitter disappointment. He had expected a change, but had not bargained for what he got. Not wishing to suffer humiliation before his southern enemies, he pleaded illness and refused to go south to give up his office, but appointed his secretary, Jimeno, as acting governor, who performed this duty for him.⁵⁴ This took place on December 31, 1842, at 4:00 p. m., and was followed by two days of feasting, dancing, speeches, fireworks, and general amusement.⁵⁵

Micheltorena's arrival definitely ended the political feud between Alvarado and Vallejo. The former Governor returned to private life, from which he never emerged. The former General took his post at Sonoma and there he remained attending to his personal affairs.

Thus, by their lack of good judgment, the promptings of stubborn pride, and ambitions which would not allow them to co-operate with one another, were the two most brilliant and active Californians removed from their high offices, where they could have been of the greatest service to their native land.

CHAPTER IX

THE RUSSIANS, SUTTER AND VALLEJO

While Vallejo was engaged in his controversy with Governor Alvarado, other problems demanded and received his attentions, the most important and urgent of which was the abandonment of Fort Ross by the Russians.

In 1830, Baron F. Von Wrangell, Governor of Russian America, became convinced that the Russian posts in California would not pay their expenses unless their land holdings could be extended to the northern shores of San Francisco Bay and into the Sacramento Valley. For the next five years he was busy working out a plan to achieve his ends, which included the making of a commercial treaty with Mexico, the buying or obtaining the required land by grant, the recognition of Mexican independence from Spain, and the recognition by Mexico of certain fundamental rights of the Russians in California. The Russian Government approved some of the terms and granted Wrangell permission to go to Mexico to negotiate the treaty. The Baron resigned his governorship and early in 1836 arrived in Mexico City. The Mexican Government, however, since his own government had not given him diplomatic rank, refused to treat with him.¹

Failure of Wrangell's plan left the Russians no motives for remaining in California, and it was decided to abandon Fort Ross and Bodega. By 1838 the offer were practically exterminated, while politically and strategically the Russians had no advantage; therefore, permission was asked to sell the properties and retire to Alaska. This was sanctioned by the Imperial Government on April 15, 1839.²

Manager Alexander Rotchef, of Fort Ross, received instructions to abandon the posts late in 1839, and early in 1840 sent the first shipload of thirty

persons and cargo to Sitka. In April, 1840, Governor Ivan Kuprianof tried to sell the posts to Sir James Douglas of Hudson's Bay Company for \$30,000. This included the buildings, animals, other properties, but not the land. Douglas discussed the matter with John McLoughlin in Oregon, but nothing came of it. Perhaps the British company decided not to buy, in order not to displease the Californians, and to avoid protests from the United States. The British Government, as early as 1835, had requested that the United States insist that the Russians move their settlements north of 54° 40', in accordance with the treaty of 1824. In compliance with this request by the United States Ross was abandoned.³

In November, 1840, the Russians notified Governor Alvarado of their intentions and proposed a sale of their possessions to the Californian Government. Alvarado immediately asked the Mexican government for instructions. In a note to Alvarado, November 23, 1840, Kuprianof stated that their withdrawal was at the insistence of England and the United States.⁴

Meanwhile a controversy arose between Vallejo and Alexander Rotchef over the arrival at Bodega of the American ship *Lausanne*. Josiah Spalding, the captain, put into Bodega, considering it a free Russian port, and landed some passengers. He also hoped to trade without paying port charges or duties. Up to that time the Russians had not allowed such operations. Rotchef informed Spalding that he must not trade, or go by land to San Francisco, and then departed for San Francisco and Monterey, leaving the *Lausanne* at Bodega.

Spalding, however, decided to go to San Francisco by land and hired Edward McIntosh to take him. Four of the passengers desiring to remain in California visited Sonoma, to ask Vallejo for passports. The General was both surprised and alarmed at the arrival of these armed foreigners and to learn that Bodega was virtually abandoned, with a foreign vessel anchored there. He rushed Ensign Lazaro Piña with soldiers to Bodega, instructing him to return all passengers aboard the ship and to warn the captain not to trade lest he be treated as a smuggler. The vessel was to sail to Monterey, and Piña was to watch the Russians and Americans at Bodega to prevent all traffic. Later Vallejo instructed Piña to collect dues on the *Lausanne* at the rate of 1.50 pesos a ton.⁵

When Spalding returned to Bodega, together with several men without passports, Piña ordered all to go to Sonoma. There Vallejo held them several days while he tried to collect dues from the Captain. Spalding refused, claiming that Bodega was a free port, but later he offered to pay if the lawful authorities ordered it. He was allowed to return to Bodega, and Piña was instructed to inform Rotchef that Bodega belonged to Mexico and that the Russians were only tolerated; that it was not a free port, and that foreigners must not enter in defiance of the law.⁶

During this controversy Rotchef returned to Bodega. He was incensed to find Mexican soldiers there, and became angrier when he read a translation of Vallejo's orders to Piña. He ordered the Russian flag raised and defied the Californians to haul it down, offering his protection to the passengers of the *Lausanne*, several of whom had accompanied him to Fort Ross. Piña did not resist, but reported all this to Vallejo, whereupon the General wrote Rotchef concerning the matter and sent a letter to be forwarded to the Governor at Sitka. Rotchef refused to receive the letters, stating that he would have nothing to do with a man who had insulted him so grievously. Vallejo, vexed, issued an order forbidding the Russians to travel in California without permission. The *Lausanne* sailed on July 26, 1840, leaving behind a heated controversy and half a dozen foreigners who later went to the Sacramento Valley. Vallejo ordered Piña not to interfere, but to warn Rotchef that he would be held responsible for the entry of the foreigners.⁷

Rotchef indignantly reported to his Governor that Vallejo had sent soldiers to Bodega to arrest and take him to Sonoma. He had received this impression through an error of the translator, who had changed the meaning of a phrase.⁸ Vallejo actually had no intention of arresting Rotchef.

During the next four months the quarrel waxed hot. Governor Kuprianof resigned and came to San Francisco to settle the affair. His successor, Governor Etholin, wrote to Rotchef that he was sending a small reenforcement to Fort Ross and expected no further trouble from Vallejo.⁹

Kuprianof arrived in San Francisco in October and remained a month investigating the *Lausanne* affair. He attempted to pacify Vallejo and Rotchef, saying that there was no reason for quarreling since Fort Ross was to be abandoned. Vallejo replied with a concise account of the events of July. Kuprianof invited Vallejo to San Francisco for a conference, hinting that there might be grave consequences if he refused. The General courteously invited Kuprianof or his agent to Sonoma, because his duties prevented him from leaving. He again defended his actions, explaining that the country was alarmed because of the Graham affair that had occurred earlier in the year. He could not see how serious consequences would follow the performing of his duty. Vallejo again explained Mexico's claim to Bodega, offering aid in investigating the affair, and expressing hope that Rotchef would be reprimanded. He also pointed out that there was a difference between his original orders and the translation and suggested that the altered passage might be the chief cause of the trouble.¹⁰

Kuprianof did not go to Sonoma, but sent Peter Kostromitinof to examine the original Spanish instructions. He stated that he had full confidence in the Russian translator and would answer for him any time, any place, and for everything. He took Vallejo to task for meddling in Russian affairs at Bodega, claimed full Russian ownership for the two posts, and demanded a full

explanation and the promise that it would not happen again. If it did, dire action would follow.

Kostromitinof and Vallejo conferred at length and examined the documents in question, after which the Russian expressed himself as satisfied that the translator had made an error. He returned to San Francisco with a letter from Vallejo to Kuprianof. In it the General once more reviewed the entire affair, demanding amends for the unjust criticism of his conduct. He hoped that Kuprianof would consider the matter closed, but was doomed to disappointment. Kuprianof probably thought that Vallejo feared the Russians, so he wrote a longer and more intemperate letter than the others, in which he repeated the old arguments, maintained that there was no error in the translation, demanded the original Spanish document, and expressed doubt of the truth of Vallejo's statements. Vallejo's reply, though forceful and sarcastic, was dignified and in good taste. Toward the end of November, Kostromitinof and Vallejo exchanged notes expressing their confidence in each other, and regretting that Kuprianof was continuing the quarrel. In his reply, Vallejo covered the same ground carefully, denied all accusations, refused to send the documents, and made it clear that there would be no more discussion of the matter.¹¹

During this squall in a washtub, both Rotchef and Kuprianof were in the wrong, while Vallejo pursued a very judicious course. In the end he won a signal victory by his moderation and patience. By early 1841, Rotchef was again on good terms with him.

When Alvarado, in November, 1840, learned that the Russians were to abandon Fort Ross, he at once notified Vallejo and the Mexican Government. The General also reported to the Government, sending copies of the entire *Lausanne* affair, and implied that the abandonment of Fort Ross was largely due to his actions.¹²

When the Russians asked concerning their rights to sell their buildings and livestock to private parties, Vallejo replied that the Nation had first rights. Alvarado made the same reply, and in order that there should be no future question of sovereignty, asked the Mexican Government to supply a garrison to give him authority to establish a colony in the abandoned posts. To Henry Virmond, Vallejo wrote on January 14, 1841, claiming that the abandonment had resulted from his victory over Kuprianof.¹³

When Alvarado, lacking authority, refused to buy the properties, the Russians turned to Vallejo, to whom, on February 16, 1841, Kostromitinof offered the properties for 30,000 pesos, payable either in silver coin or in warrants of the Hudson's Bay Company or half in warrants and the remainder in products of the country at current prices, delivered at Yerba Buena. The General said he would consider the offer, but first he would have to negotiate with the Company for the warrants. Since that might require several months, he promised a reply in July or August.¹⁴

While Vallejo made arrangements with the Hudson's Bay Company, Kostromitinof entered into secret dealings with Sutter. He, however, was interested only in the livestock and would not consider the land, buildings and other goods. Unable to make a quick sale, Kostromitinof went to Sitka early in 1841, to confer with the Governor of the Russian colonies.¹⁵

Later that spring, Alvarado received instructions from Mexico to take immediate possession of the abandoned territory. He was to ask the Legislature for aid and to require the foreign inhabitants there to take an oath of allegiance to Mexico. The new citizens were to be treated with kindness, to win their loyalty, and he was asked to submit a complete report about the lives, customs, and activities of the inhabitants.¹⁶

Kostromitinof returned from Sitka on July 15, 1841, with instructions, and soon went to Sonoma, where between July 19 and 27 a contract of sale was drawn up and also a detailed inventory of the properties.

The contract gave Vallejo the right to all property, for which he was to pay the stated price in three years from 1841, in Hudson's Bay Company warrants, with option to pay half in products at current prices. In case of failure, he was to pay the expenses of the voyage from Sitka to San Francisco. The vessels were to enter duty free, but were not to trade. The property was to serve as a guarantee, until full payment was made. In case of war in which Russia and Mexico were involved, payments would be postponed. The contract was to be approved by the Government.¹⁷

The agreement was concluded, and by July 25 Kostromitinof was back at Fort Ross. From Yerba Buena, Rotchef wrote to Sutter on the 26th that the Russian Governor had rejected his offer, because he wanted only the livestock, and that they had found a buyer for all the properties. A day later, Vallejo reported to Alvarado that Kostromitinof had visited him with a contract for the sale of the posts and the ranches. He rejoiced that California's northern boundary would again be Cape Mendocino. He had been ill in bed when the Russian arrived, but the sight of the contract was such good medicine that he was able to get up and walk. Vallejo invited the Governor to Sonoma to discuss imperative problems. Sonoma, he said, would now become an important place, which was gratifying after all his efforts to build up the town and frontier. He requested Alvarado to reply at once, as the Russians were waiting to send his answer to Sitka, and he, to conclude a matter so important to California.¹⁸

Alvarado replied on July 29, declining the General's invitation, but professing to be as anxious to get rid of the Russians as was Vallejo. Nevertheless, it was his opinion, after consulting the Government, that Vallejo could not enter into the deal either on behalf of the Government or as an individual.¹⁹

Don Guadalupe, greatly discouraged, wrote to Kostromitinof that the deal was off. The Russian refused to believe it and insisted on the bargain, but

Vallejo said he could buy only the stock. A new contract was then drawn up for the immediate sale of the animals, for which he was to pay 9,000 pesos, half in warrants and the remainder in products, though he might pay any part or the whole in coin.²⁰

While these negotiations were in progress, Sutter wrote to Antonio Suñol at San José, complaining about the way the Russians had passed up his offer in order to deal with someone else, especially Vallejo who had insulted their flag. He said that nobody but a Russian would act thus, and he would rather not have dealings with them.²¹

On August 11, Vallejo reported his new deal to Alvarado, and said that Kostromitinof was going to Monterey to see him, as he refused to believe that Mexico opposed the sale of the other properties, and that he wanted to see the official instructions himself before he took no for an answer.

Kostromitinof, after conferring with the Governor and looking at the documents, wrote to Vallejo that he saw no obstacle to prevent the transaction, and asked Vallejo whether he wished to buy or not. To which Vallejo replied that, though the sale was not prohibited, it was also not authorized; therefore it could not be done. He said that the Governor refused to consent to the sale and that the Government was only awaiting the evacuation to take possession.²²

When Vallejo failed to buy, the properties were offered to Jacob P. Leese. He offered 20,000 pesos, on terms of 5,000 pesos down and 5,000 pesos annually for three years. Kostromitinof also approached Sutter again and, finding him willing to bid, turned down Leese's offer.²³

Sutter wrote to Antonio Suñol on September 1, 1841, saying that the Russians, failing to sell to Vallejo, had approached him again, and that this time he intended to be more exacting. On September 4, Rotchef went to New Helvetia and invited Sutter to Fort Ross to see Kostromitinof. Sutter accepted. After an inspection of the properties he was given a banquet. The dinner must have been good, because he agreed to buy the establishments for 30,000 pesos.²⁴

The contract was drawn up and the parties went to San Francisco, where it was signed before Justice of the Peace Francisco Guerrero, on December 13, 1841, J. J. Vioget and Jacob P. Leese acting as witnesses. By the contract Sutter bound himself to pay the 30,000 pesos within four years from 1842; 5,000 pesos worth of products yearly for two years; 10,000 pesos in goods the third year; and the last year 10,000 pesos in coin. The remaining articles of the contract were like those offered Vallejo.²⁵

When Sutter returned to New Helvetia, he notified Vallejo of the purchase and asked the General to allow the men he was sending by land to Fort Ross, to load the movable effects on a boat, to pass the frontier without interference.²⁶ On December 8, 1841, Sutter again wrote to Vallejo, sending him

three letters of security for three immigrants recently arrived from Missouri without passports. He asked the General to send him the passports, adding a postscript: "I am very much obliged to you for the help and the good advice that you were kind enough to give my men when they passed by Sonoma with the animals, and if I can serve you in anything please use freely."

On December 12, 1841, Rotchef, as commander of Fort Ross, deeded to Sutter the land along the coast from Cape Mendocino to Point Reyes, extending inland three Spanish leagues. This he had no right to do, but Sutter accepted the deed anyway.

That same day Vallejo reported details of the sale to the Mexican Government and notified it that the Russian posts would be abandoned. He asked instructions for the annexation of the territory as he feared that the British might take it. The Hudson's Bay Company had already acquired a house and lot in San Francisco and wanted to build in other towns. Alvarado had made a grant to Mr. Jean B. D. McKay, of that company, near Sutter's grant, for the founding of a colony. These transactions made him fear that if the Government did not act promptly, that part of California might be in jeopardy.²⁷

Kostromitinof reported the Sutter sale to Governor Alvarado on December 19, 1841, and stated that his company wished to reserve the right to reclaim the property in case Sutter failed to pay in full.²⁸

Early in January, 1842, Rotchef and his men sailed for Sitka aboard the *Constantine*, and Sutter placed Robert Ridley in charge of the posts. Several months later John Bidwell replaced him, and later in 1843 William Benitz replaced Bidwell.

After the Russians departed, Alvarado and Vallejo accused Sutter of dishonest actions toward them in making the purchase. Their attitude was unwarranted; they had had the first chance to buy and had refused it. For a while after the purchase, Vallejo was not very friendly toward Sutter. Perhaps he had hoped to acquire the Russian properties for a very small sum, or for nothing, if no buyer appeared, and was vexed with himself and with the Swiss adventurer who had spoiled his plans.²⁹

Vallejo's enmity increased when Sutter began to make pointed threats against the Territorial Government. Governor Alvarado had given the Hudson's Bay Company permission to trap in the Sacramento Valley. This displeased Sutter so much that he threatened to overthrow Mexican authority in Northern California. He purposed to enlist the aid of trappers, and sent his agent, Orlave Custot, to arouse their sympathies. Quite alarmed, Vallejo wrote to Sir George Simpson. Sir George assured him that Hudson's Bay men would not be allowed to take part in Sutter's revolutionary plots, and on the same day sent orders to that effect to his chief trapper, Francis Ermatinger.³⁰

From the beginning, Don Guadalupe understood the danger to Mexico

inherent in such an establishment as New Helvetia. He was not blind to a matter that was evident to all foreigners. Therefore, in accordance with his duty as a Mexican officer, he frankly reported his views to the Government. In January, 1842, he informed it that Sutter styled himself Governor of New Helvetia, exercised arbitrary and despotic powers, waged wars against the Indians, forced them to work, shot them without trial or governmental approval, and received foreigners, no matter from where or how they came, not even reporting their arrival. In proof of Sutter's revolutionary attitude, Vallejo sent the original of a letter from Sutter to Leese, dated November 8, 1841, in which Sutter had given warning that if people tried to do him injury, he would call for a French frigate to do him justice.⁸¹ He continued:

It is too late now to drive me out the country, the first step they do against me is that I will make a declaration of Independence and proclaim California for a Republique independent of Mexico. I am strong now, one of my best friends a German gentleman came from the Columbia River with plenty people, an other party is close by from Missouri . . . I am strong enough to hold me till the couriers go to the Waillamet for raise about 60 or 70 good men, an other party I would dispatch to the mountains and call the hunters and Shawnees and Delawares with which I am very well acquainted, the same party have to go to Missouri and raise about 200 or 300 men more. That is my intention, Sir, if they let me not alone. If they will give me satisfaction and pay the expenses what I had to do for my security here, I will be a faithful Mexican; but when this rascal of Castro should come here a very warm and harty welcome is prepared for him. 10 guns have well mounted for protect the fortress and two field pieces. I have also about fifty faithful Indians which shot their musquet very quik. The wole day and night we are under arms, and you know that foreigners are very expensive, and for this trouble I will be paid when a French fregate come here. I wish you to tell the comandant general that I wish to be his friend, and that I am very much obliged to him for his kindness when my people passed Sonoma. If he would join us in such a case I would like it very much. But all is out question so long they let me alone and trouble me not, but I want security from the government for that.⁸²

It is evident that Sutter had no loyalty for his adopted nation or for California's government which had treated him so generously and entrusted him with an office. Probably he would not have hesitated to raise the standard of revolt in behalf of France or of any other nation that would help his personal interests. But it is unlikely that he had any definite plan or intention of a political conspiracy at that time. All the loud threats were probably due to his being harassed by his creditors, and because he considered the Californians his inferiors, wherefore he tried to bully them. That being the case, for the next four years he and Vallejo eyed each other with growing suspicions, but kept out of each other's way. Vallejo, however, continued, until the Americans took the territory, to report to Mexico his opinions about Sutter's activities, and urged without avail that something should be done to remove that menace to California's peace and safety.

NOTES TO CHAPTER VIII

1. M. G. Vallejo to J. B. Alvarado, Sonoma, May 14, 1839, in Dept. St. Pap., MS, IV, 255.
2. *Ibid.*, May 19, 1839, 255-56.
3. H. H. Bancroft, *Hist. Cal.*, III, 579-607.
4. M. G. Vallejo to J. B. Alvarado, Sonoma, Sept. 8, 1839, Dept. St. Pap., MS, IV, 278-80; M. G. Vallejo, *Hist. Cal.*, MS, IV, 25-28.
5. Manuel Jimeno to M. G. Vallejo, Monterey, Sept. 26, 1839; J. Castro to M. G. Vallejo, San Juan, Aug. 10, 1839, Vallejo, *Doc. Hist. Cal.*, MS, VIII, 33, 35, 179.
6. J. J. Vallejo to M. G. Vallejo, San José, Sept. 4, 1839; Prado Mesa to M. G. Vallejo, San José, Sept. 6, 1839, *ibid.*, VIII, 77, 78.
7. M. G. Vallejo to M. Jimeno, Sonoma, Sept. 8, 1839; M. Jimeno to M. G. Vallejo, Monterey, Sept. 24, 1839, *ibid.*, VIII, 84, 171.
8. J. A. Carrillo to M. G. Vallejo, Los Angeles, Oct. 9, 1839, *ibid.*, VIII, 199.
9. P. de la Guerra to M. G. Vallejo, Santa Barbara, Sept. 3, 1839; Salvador Vallejo to P. de la Guerra, Sonoma, Oct. 2, 1839, *ibid.*, VIII, 73, 192.
10. M. G. Vallejo to J. B. Alvarado, Sonoma, Oct. 16, 1839, Dept. St. Pap., MS, IV, 282.
11. M. G. Vallejo to M. Jimeno, Monterey, Oct. 29, 1839, Dept. St. Pap., MS, IV, 283; M. Jimeno to M. G. Vallejo, Monterey, Oct. 30, Nov. 1, 1839; M. G. Vallejo to M. Jimeno, Monterey, Oct. 31, 1839, Vallejo, *Doc. Hist. Cal.*, MS, VIII, 236, 241, 247.
12. M. G. Vallejo to M. Jimeno, Sonoma, Nov. 17, 18, 1839, *ibid.*, VIII, 295, 306; J. B. Alvarado to M. G. Vallejo, Monterey, Nov. 25, 1839, *ibid.*, VIII, 316; M. G. Vallejo to President A. Bustamante, Sonoma, Dec. 1, 1839, *ibid.*, VIII, 333; M. G. Vallejo to A. Castillero, Sonoma, Dec. 1, 1839, *ibid.*, VIII, 334.
13. J. B. Alvarado to Min. of Interior, Monterey, Mar. 10, 1840, in Dept. Rec., MS, XI, 65-66; A. Castillero to M. G. Vallejo, Mexico, Apr. 21, 1840, and Min. of War to M. G. Vallejo, Mexico, Apr. 23, 24, 1840, Vallejo, *Doc. Hist. Cal.*, MS, IX, 115, 116, 118.
14. J. B. Alvarado appointment of W. E. P. Hartnell, Monterey, Jan. 19, 1839, in Dept. Rec., MS, X, 2, 8, 11. These documents give the commission as well as the duties and salary of office.
15. J. B. Alvarado to M. G. Vallejo, Monterey, Jan. 22, 1840, Vallejo, *Doc. Hist. Cal.*, MS, IX, 25.
16. W. E. P. Hartnell to J. B. Alvarado, San Francisco, May 14, 1840, Dept. St. Pap., Missions, MS, XI, 15-17.
17. J. B. Alvarado to M. G. Vallejo, Monterey, Apr. 4, 1840, Vallejo, *Doc. Hist. Cal.*, MS, IX, 96; M. G. Vallejo to J. B. Alvarado, Sonoma, Apr. 9, 1840, *ibid.*, IX, 106.
18. J. Abrego to M. G. Vallejo, Monterey, Apr., 1839, to Mar. 22, 1842, Dept. St. Pap., Benicia, MS, III, 140-57; M. G. Vallejo to J. Abrego, Sonoma, Feb. 1 to July 28, 1840, Dept. St. Pap., Benicia, Mil., MS, LXXXVIII, 31-34; J. Abrego to J. B. Alvarado, Monterey, July 17, June 7, 1839; Feb. 20, 1840, *ibid.*, Benicia, Com. and Treas., MS, IV, 15-16, 48-49; correspondence between J. Abrego and M. G. Vallejo, Monterey and Sonoma, Jan. 2-10, Mar. 16, July 13, 1840, Vallejo, *Doc. Hist. Cal.*, MS, IX, 6, 14, 31, 144, 176, 202, 213.
19. M. G. Vallejo to J. B. Alvarado, Monterey, Mar. 16, 1840, Vallejo, *Doc. Hist. Cal.*, MS, IX, 72.
20. Minutes of extra session, Cal. Legis., Monterey, Apr. 1, 1840, in Legis. Rec., MS, III, 75-78. This gives all of Alvarado's accusations.
21. M. G. Vallejo to J. J. Vallejo, Sonoma, Apr. 15, 1840, Vallejo, *Doc. Hist. Cal.*, MS, XXXIII, 57; M. G. Vallejo to Min. of War, Sonoma, Apr. 25, 1840, *ibid.*, IX, 124-25; M. G. Vallejo to J. B. Alvarado, Sonoma, Sept. 1, 1840, *ibid.*, IX, 241.
22. Bancroft, *Hist. Cal.*, IV, 1-41; George Tays, *Revolutionary California*, MS, pp. 463-75; T. H. Hittell, *History of California*, II, 265-77, and other histories of California, give all details.
23. J. B. Alvarado to M. G. Vallejo, Monterey, Apr. 5, 1840, Vallejo, *Doc. Hist. Cal.*, MS, XIV, 52; also Dept. St. Pap., MS, VIII, 139-40.

24. W. H. Davis, *Seventy-five Years in California*, pp. 46-53; Bancroft, *op. cit.*, IV, 4-21.
25. M. G. Vallejo to Min. of War, Sonoma, Jan. 1, 1841, Vallejo, *Doc. Hist. Cal.*, MS, X, 4-6, 9-11.
26. M. G. Vallejo to President A. Bustamante, Sonoma, Jan. 15, 1841, *ibid.*, X, 46.
27. J. M. Castro to Pref. M. Castro, San Pablo, Feb. 25, 1841, in Monterey Archives, MS, X, 6-7.
28. Capt. C. Wilkes, *Narrative of the U. S. Exploring Expedition during the years 1838, 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842*, Philadelphia, 1850, V, 198.
29. M. G. Vallejo to H. Virmond, Sonoma, Jan. 14, 1841, Vallejo, *Doc. Hist. Cal.*, X, 42.
30. M. G. Vallejo to J. B. Alvarado, Sonoma, July 15, 1841, *ibid.*, XIV, 29; M. G. Vallejo to J. B. Alvarado, Sonoma, July 27, 1841, *ibid.*, X, 230; J. B. Alvarado to M. G. Vallejo, Monterey, July 29, 1841, *ibid.*, X, 235.
31. G. Flores to M. G. Vallejo, Monterey, July 22, 1841, *ibid.*, X, 220; J. B. Alvarado to M. G. Vallejo, Monterey, July 29, 1841, *ibid.*, X, 236.
32. Gen. Almonte to M. G. Vallejo, Mexico, Apr. 6, 15, 1841, *ibid.*, X, 98-104; Min. of Relations to J. B. Alvarado, Mexico, Apr. 12, 1841, Sup. Gov. St. Pap., MS, XVI, 19; also Dept. St. Pap., MS, IV, 137.
33. J. Castro to M. G. Vallejo, Monterey, Oct. 5, 25, 1841, Vallejo, *op. cit.*, X, 301, 315; J. B. Alvarado to M. G. Vallejo, Monterey, Oct. 27, 1841, *ibid.*, X, 322.
34. Dr. J. Marsh to Cal. authorities, letters of surety for immigrants, San José, Nov. 13, 1841, *ibid.*, X, 340.
35. M. G. Vallejo to J. B. Alvarado, San José, Nov. 17, 1841, *ibid.*, X, 349.
36. M. G. Vallejo to J. Abrego, San José, Nov. 18, 1841, *ibid.*, X, 353.
37. J. B. Alvarado to M. G. Vallejo, Alisal, Nov. 30, 1841, *ibid.*, X, 369.
38. J. B. Alvarado to J. Castro, Monterey, Dec. 6, 1841, *ibid.*, X, 373.
39. M. G. Vallejo, instructions to commissioners, Sonoma, Dec. 10, 1841, *ibid.*, XIV, 28.
40. M. G. Vallejo to Min. of War, Sonoma, Dec. 11, 1841, *ibid.*, X, 384; also, Nos. 60, 61, Legajo, 53-5-7, MS, *Archivo General de Guerra y Marina*, Mexico.
41. M. G. Vallejo to Min. of War, Sonoma, Dec. 11, 12, 13, 14, 1841, Legajo 53-5-7, MS, *Archivo General de Guerra y Marina*, Mexico.
42. M. G. Vallejo to Min. of War, Sonoma, Dec. 14, 1841, Vallejo, *op. cit.*, X, 385.
43. V. Prudon to M. G. Vallejo, Monterey, Jan. 5, 6, 8, 1842, *ibid.*, XI, 11-16.
44. J. Abrego to M. G. Vallejo, Monterey, Jan. 2, 1842; J. Abrego to V. Prudon, Monterey, Jan. 9, 10, 1842, *ibid.*, XI, 6, 19, 20, 27.
45. M. G. Vallejo, instructions to V. Prudon, Sonoma, Dec. 21, 1841, *ibid.*, XIV, 28.
46. M. G. Vallejo, *Hist. Cal.*, MS, IV, 242-43; R. Prado to M. G. Vallejo, Santa Barbara, Jan. 2, 1842, Vallejo, *Doc. Hist. Cal.*, MS, XI, 7.
47. M. G. Vallejo, *Hist. Cal.*, MS, IV, 259-66.
48. J. B. Alvarado, *Hist. Cal.*, MS, IV, 193-203.
49. J. B. Alvarado to Sec. of Relations, Monterey, Jan. 11, 1842, in Dept. Rec., MS, X111, 6-15.
50. J. B. Alvarado to Min. of War, Monterey, Jan. 13, 1842, *ibid.*, X111, 15; V. Prudon to M. G. Vallejo, Monterey, Jan. 15, 1842, Vallejo, *Doc. Hist. Cal.*, MS, XI, 27; J. Abrego to M. G. Vallejo, Monterey, Jan. 17, 1842, *ibid.*, XI, 29.
51. Bancroft, *Hist. Cal.*, IV, 285; dates of commissions, Vallejo, *Doc. Hist. Cal.*, MS, XI, 209; *ibid.*, I, 16; *ibid.*, XXX111, 277; *ibid.*, XI, 215-16.
52. Gen. Valencia to M. Micheltorena, Mexico, Jan. 24, 1842, Savage, *Doc. Hist. Cal.*, MS, III, 2-3; Min. of War to M. G. Vallejo, Mexico, Feb. 22, 1842, *ibid.*, III, 6; Gen. Santa Anna and Min. of War to M. Micheltorena, Mexico, Jan. 25, 1842; Dept. St. Pap., Benicia, MS, I, 7.
53. M. G. Vallejo, general order to subordinates, Sonoma, Sept. 19, 1842, Vallejo, *Doc. Hist. Cal.*, MS, XI, 255-58; M. Micheltorena to Vallejo, Los Angeles, Oct. 6, 1842, Dept. St. Pap., Benicia, MS, II, 35-36.

54. J. B. Alvarado, Proclamation, Monterey, Sept. 24, 1842, Dept. St. Pap., Los Angeles, MS, X, 30.

55. For full details of Micheltorena's appointment, voyage and arrival in California, see Bancroft, *Hist. Cal.*, IV, 283-97, and other histories of California.

NOTES TO CHAPTER IX

1. Bancroft, *Hist. Cal.*, IV, 158-89, gives full details and sources on this question.
2. *Ibid.*, pp. 69-70.
3. Sir J. Douglas, Journal, MS, p. 16; Bancroft, *op. cit.*, p. 170.
4. I. Kuprianof to J. B. Alvarado, San Francisco, Nov. 23, 1840, Dept. St. Pap., Benicia, MS, II, 34-35; M. Jimeno to Min. of Int., Monterey, Dec. 10, 1840, Dept. Rec., MS, XI, 69-70.
5. M. G. Vallejo, instructions to L. Piña, Sonoma, July 19, 23, 1840; M. G. Vallejo to Capt. J. Spalding, Sonoma, July 19, 1840, Vallejo, *Doc. Hist. Cal.*, MS, IX, 183, 184, 191.
6. Capt. J. Spalding, statement, Sonoma, July 24, 1840; M. G. Vallejo to L. Piña, Sonoma, July 24, 1840, *ibid.*, IX, 193-97.
7. M. G. Vallejo to L. Piña, Sonoma, July 24, 25, 1840, *ibid.*, IX, 195, 198-99; M. G. Vallejo to P. Kostromitinof, Sonoma, Nov. 4, 1840, *ibid.*, IX, 304.
8. M. G. Vallejo, instructions to L. Piña, Sonoma, July 19, 1840, *ibid.*, IX, 183.
9. Gov. Etholin to A. Rotchef, Sitka, Sept. 9, 1840, Russian American Material, MS, I (in Bancroft Library).
10. P. Kostromitinof to M. G. Vallejo, San Francisco, Nov. 2, 1840; M. G. Vallejo to P. Kostromitinof, Sonoma, Nov. 4, 1840; I. Kuprianof to M. G. Vallejo, San Francisco, Nov. 6, 1840; M. G. Vallejo to I. Kuprianof, Sonoma, Nov. 10, 1840, Vallejo, *op. cit.*, IX, 300, 304, 305, 308.
11. I. Kuprianof to M. G. Vallejo, San Francisco, Nov. 13, 21, 1840; M. G. Vallejo to I. Kuprianof, Sonoma, Nov. 16, 25, 1840; P. Kostromitinof to M. G. Vallejo, San Francisco, Nov. 22, 1840; M. G. Vallejo to P. Kostromitinof, Sonoma, Nov. 25, 1840, *ibid.*, IX, 313, 316, 320, 321, 322, 328.
12. M. G. Vallejo to Min. of War, Sonoma, Jan. 1, 1841, *ibid.*, X, 2-3.
13. *Ibid.*, M. G. Vallejo to H. Virmond, Sonoma, Jan. 14, 1841, *ibid.*, X, 42.
14. P. Kostromitinof to M. G. Vallejo, Yerba Buena, Feb. 16, 1841; M. G. Vallejo to P. Kostromitinof, Sonoma, Feb. 19, 1841, *ibid.*, X, 60, 62.
15. A. Rotchef to J. A. Sutter, Yerba Buena, July 26, 1841, Bancroft, *Hist. Cal.*, IV, 173.
16. President A. Bustamante to J. B. Alvarado, Mexico, Mar. 14, 1841, Sup. Gov. St. Pap., Decrees and Dispatches, MS, XVI, 16-18.
17. P. Kostromitinof to M. G. Vallejo, Bodega, July 17, 1841; Contract for Russian properties, no date, Vallejo, *op. cit.*, X, 205, 229.
18. A. Rotchef to J. A. Sutter, Yerba Buena, July 26, 1841, Cal. Hist. Soc. *Quarterly*, XII, 66, Sept., 1933; M. G. Vallejo to J. B. Alvarado, Sonoma, July 27, 1841, Vallejo, *op. cit.*, X, 227.
19. J. B. Alvarado to M. G. Vallejo, Monterey, July 29, 1841, *ibid.*, X, 236.
20. P. Kostromitinof to M. G. Vallejo, contract for stock, *ibid.*, X, 228.
21. J. A. Sutter to A. Suñol, New Helvetia, Aug. 10, 1841, Sutter-Suñol Correspondence, MS (in California State Library).
22. M. G. Vallejo to J. B. Alvarado, Sonoma, Aug. 11, 1841, in Vallejo, *op. cit.*, IX, 249; J. B. Alvarado to M. G. Vallejo, Monterey, Aug. 14, 1841; P. Kostromitinof to M. G. Vallejo, Chlebnikoff ranch, Aug. 27, 1841; M. G. Vallejo to P. Kostromitinof, Sonoma, Aug. 28, 1841, *ibid.*, X, 231, 232, 246.
23. J. S. Hittell, *Hist. of San Francisco*, p. 89.
24. J. A. Sutter to A. Suñol, New Helvetia, Sept. 1, 1841, Sutter-Suñol Correspondence, MS; J. A. Sutter, Diary, MS, p. 3.
25. P. Kostromitinof vs. J. A. Sutter, contract for sale of Ross and Bodega, San Francisco, Dec. 13, 1841, Manuel Castro, *Doc. Hist. Cal.*, MS, I, 57-59.

26. J. A. Sutter to M. G. Vallejo, New Helvetia, Sept. 19, 1841, Vallejo, *Doc. Hist. Cal.*, MS, X, 282.

27. M. G. Vallejo to Min. of War, Sonoma, Dec. 12, 1841, Bolton, Mexican Transcripts, MS, No. 69 (in Bancroft Library).

28. P. Kostromitinof to J. B. Alvarado, San Francisco, Dec. 19, 1841, Vallejo, *op. cit.*, XXXIII, 251.

29. Bancroft, *Hist. Cal.*, IV, 122-39; J. B. Alvarado to Mex. Gov., Monterey, 1842, Dept. Rec., MS, XIII, 9-10; J. B. Alvarado, *Hist. Cal.*, MS, IV, 229-35.

30. Sir G. Simpson to M. G. Vallejo, San Francisco, Jan. 12, 1842, Vallejo, *op. cit.*, XI, 22; Sir G. Simpson to F. Ermatinger, San Francisco, Jan. 12, 1842, *ibid.*, X, 36; M. G. Vallejo, *Hist. Cal.*, MS, IV, 111-16, gives a full account of the matter.

31. M. G. Vallejo to Min. of War, Sonoma, Jan. 21, 1842, Vallejo, *Doc. Hist. Cal.*, MS, XI, 4.

32. J. A. Sutter to J. P. Leese, New Helvetia, Nov. 8, 1841, original letter in Legajo 53-5-7, MS, No. 67, *Archivo General de Guerra y Marina*, Mexico, Copy in Vallejo, *op. cit.*, MS, X, 332.

THE SOCIETY'S NEW QUARTERS

By DOUGLAS S. WATSON

THE PUBLICATION of this issue of the *Quarterly* finds the California Historical Society in its new and permanent home. No longer will its members be forced to give elaborate directions to those seeking its quarters. All one will have to say is: "Pioneer Hall, 456 McAllister Street, directly opposite the City Hall in the Civic Center." At long last we have taken our proper place as neighbors of the Municipal Opera House, the San Francisco Library, the State Building, the Veterans Building and the City Hall.

Here in Pioneer Hall in spacious quarters are now gathered the two outstanding organizations devoted to the preservation and dissemination of historical matters relating to California: The Society of California Pioneers and the California Historical Society. Here are now housed the extensive collections of both societies: their invaluable libraries and their outstanding assemblages of early lithographic views, together with their rare oil portraits of the men who founded our commonwealth.

The fireproof two-story building to which the name of Pioneer Hall has been given is owned by the Society of California Pioneers, which has leased one-half of the space to the California Historical Society. By mutual arrangement between the two organizations, the facilities of both are now available to the members of each society. Thus, while neither has lost its individuality, there are now gathered under one roof two of the largest and most complete historical collections in San Francisco.

The first story of Pioneer Hall is devoted to the offices of the two organizations and their libraries. The museum and gallery on the second floor permit the permanent display of the rare objects belonging to each.

The importance of this arrangement is difficult to estimate. No longer will the delver into California's past be forced to shuttle back and forth while seeking information.

San Francisco now possesses a source of historical lore worthy of its glamorous past, for the combined collections now available at Pioneer Hall take rank with the other great collections: the Bancroft Library at the University of California, the State Library at Sacramento, and the Huntington Library at San Marino.

Members will realize that it is no easy task to put the collections in place. This work is going forward daily, and when it is finished, notice of a formal opening will be sent to all; but in the meanwhile all are requested to exercise patience. It is hoped that early in April a private viewing of the new quarters will be arranged and that later the public will be invited to inspect the treasures housed in Pioneer Hall.



1. Pioneer Hall 2. M. Alister Street Veterans Building, Pioneer Hall at right. 3. Looking from Pioneer Hall toward the San Francisco Library. 4. Our front window. 5. A corner of the library. 6. The Secretary's office.

THE DIARY OF A TRIP FROM IONE TO NEVADA IN 1859

By SUSAN MITCHELL HALL

INTRODUCTION

SUSAN MITCHELL HALL, the daughter of Lucy Allen and Frederick Chauncey Hall, was born in New Haven, Connecticut, of New England ancestry.

Leaving New York on April 27, 1855, on the steamer *Northern Light*, with her mother and sister, she set out for San Francisco via the Nicaragua route. After spending five days in crossing from San Juan del Sur to the Pacific side, the party continued their journey on the steamer *Sierra Nevada*, arriving in San Francisco, May 26, 1855. Her father and brother had preceded the rest of the family to California by three years, having made the journey around the Horn on the clipper ship *Stag Hound*.

In 1869 she married Dr. Obed Harvey, who, on a portion of the Rancho Sanjon de los Moquelumnes, founded the town of Galt, in Sacramento County, where the couple made their home.

At the time of making the journey detailed in the following brief diary, my mother, Susan Mitchell Hall, was living with her parents in Ione, Amador County.

GENEVIEVE HARVEY.

September 17, 1859. Left Ione, Amador County, California, with my father, in our own conveyance—comfortable, large buggy, and two fine horses. Left at 7:10 A. M., arrived at Drytown at 11 A. M. after a dusty, warm drive, arrived at Placerville at 5:15 P. M. Met there, Mr. Sam Hyatt¹, Mr. Upson² and Mr. Choate³. Mr. Hyatt presented me with a basket of fruit.

Sept. 18th. Left Placerville at 7 A. M. We drove for hours through endless forests of pine, high mountains towering on either side while below us was a deep abyss with a stream of water dashing and foaming on the rocks. Some of the places were frightful, in meeting teams on narrow roads on the hillsides. I never knew such long miles, one is obliged to have a mind of their own, for no two persons agree as to distance. We stopped at one of the roadside inns, where a gracious Irish woman extended all the hospitality of her home.

Arrived at Strawberry Valley at 6:15 P. M., having been detained by loaded teams. Found an excellent house, and a very agreeable hostess. At last, it is cool, and I am warming myself by an immense kitchen stove. We saw an immense pile of granite near "Dick's" called "The Sugar Loaf"—was so impressed by my own littleness.

Sept. 19th. Arose at 6 A. M. after a delightful night's rest, walked about, viewing the grandeur of the mountains before breakfast. Such moun-

tains of granite, such dense forests of pine. It is sublime. Visited a spring near the house, where ice-cold water is thrown up in two places. I was charmed and longed to remain to watch the boiling-up.

Left Strawberry Valley at 8 A. M. Rode some distance behind a pack-train of fifty mules, which was anything but agreeable. We had the society of two young men from San Francisco, who rode on horseback by us. As yesterday, we rode through pine forests. Crossed the West Summit about 11 A. M. Were obliged to wait for wagons, coming up ere we dared to descend, but were amply rewarded by the sublime view. Never can I forget it. Would that I possessed the gift of poetry!

Lake Bigler [Lake Tahoe]⁴ with her beautiful, placid blue waters lies north, shut in by hills on all but one side. That was left for travellers to gaze and admire. Lake Valley was beneath us, thousands of feet, looking frightfully like the bottomless abyss. Again, we travelled down, down, only to ascend the Eastern Summit. That is the wonder of wonders to me; seven times we turn our steps, winding round and round or "tacking," as some would say. I thought with Father, the man who planned such a road must have had a crooked mind. We reached the Van Sickles' House, but could not bear the idea of stopping at a place which showed so few signs of neatness, so hurried on to Genoa,⁵ an enterprising place. Saw Mr. Marlette,⁶ Mr. Hinman⁷ and Mr. Wayne.

After a few moment's chat, started on, determined to reach Carson City. Carson Valley looks bare and forbidding, the last place I would care to stop, but the road was good. Reached Carson City at 6 P. M., surprised to find good accommodations for the third night from home. Carson Valley is surrounded by barren looking hills—no foliage. The road runs at the foot of the hills, so we seem to go entirely around. Genoa is situated in a bleak place at the foot of the hills.⁸ Carson City looks lively, is removed from the hills upon the open plains. It boasts many brick buildings and is a large place to be so far removed from other towns.

Sept. 20th. Left Carson City at 8:30. After driving over a rough road, with no marked features on the scene, arrived at Gold Hill at 11 A. M. We drove to the Express Office, where Mr. Maynard⁹ met us, and escorted us to our present quarters at the "What Cheer House." Mr. and Mrs. Knox¹⁰ of San Francisco are here. My room is 6 x 9—the only furniture, a rough-board bedstead. There is no window in my room and but one in the sitting-room adjoining. Afternoon, we went to Virginia City, visited the Gould and Curry Lode. Mr. Strong,¹¹ the superintendent, was absent, but his foreman paid us every attention, showing us through the tunnel 140 feet, 95 from the surface. There is a strange feeling to find oneself under ground, surrounded by walls of rock, buried in the bowels of the earth, and to see the precious metal glistening by the light of the candles we carry. The wealth of Washoe certainly has not been exaggerated. I procured some very beautiful specimens.

I took some with my own hands from the end of the tunnel. There is another tunnel running in from the foot of the hill to meet the one we entered; 750 feet—150 feet from the surface. We left the Claim to pass through Virginia City, stopped to telegraph home, then wended our way back to Gold Hill.

Evening, Mr. Upson and Dr. Harris¹² called. Visited Dr. Harris' mill in the evening.

Sept. 21st. Arose, and dressed by candle-light. Immediately after breakfast, we started for Steamboat Springs via Virginia City. There we met Mr. McLean¹³ of San Francisco, who invited us to the house, where he and Mrs. McLean were stopping with Mr. and Mrs. Collins.¹⁴ I was delighted to find such a pleasant family. Mr. and Mrs. McLean and Mr. and Mrs. Collins joined our party. We reached the Springs about noon. We were lost in wonder and amazement. I went into the building where they give the vapor baths. It almost took my breath away. It smelled like hydrogen gas. We collected quantities of specimens. The water boiled up fiercely.

Sept. 22nd. Arose at six, prepared for a horseback ride. Mrs. Knox with father in buggy. I, escorted by Dr. Harris and Mr. Choate. We went directly to Gould & Curry Mine, where Mr. Strong treated us with every attention. Went to the Ophir Mine, met Captain Dall¹⁵ and with him went into the mine. I was charmed and more than delighted at viewing the immense work. We went into tunnel of Ophir Mine more than 95 feet—40 feet from the surface—and then wound round into the Mexican Mine. I collected some fine specimens. Returned to Captain Dall's office, where his "boy" brushed my habit.

After luncheon with Mrs. Collins and a pleasant hour with music, rode to Silver City—met Mr. Paul¹⁶—visited Mr. Burke's mill.¹⁷

Sept. 23rd. Quiet day, packed my specimens. Father brought me from Virginia City, a beautiful aerolite.

Sept. 24th. Walked up to Bank, then to Gold Hill, went through the claims there, burrowing like a gopher from one claim to another, visited the Bowers and Arnold claims, procured some specimens.

Sept. 25th. Visited the mill of Dr. Harris to see them clean the amalgamates. Afternoon, Governor Johnson¹⁸ called. Left Gold Hill at 4 P. M. Saw Capt. Wakeman¹⁹ of San Francisco at Silver City. Had the grandest possible drive to Carson City. The sky overhead was dark and frowning, through which chain-lightning darted. At another moment, a sulphur-like blaze arose while a rainbow made everything beautiful. A peculiar light overspread everything. Reached Carson City about dark. Mr. Marlette called, also Mr. Choate and Dr. Harris.

Sept. 26th. Left Carson City at 6:30 A. M. Drove to Genoa. At Eastern Summit, lunched with a party of workmen on the McDonald road. Arrived at Lake Bigler [Tahoe] about noon. We drove along the lake through a grove of pines. The view was enchanting. The rain was seen in the distance,

but fortunately did not reach us until we arrived at the house. Everything within was most inviting.

Sept. 27th. Arose 6:30. After a breakfast of delicious trout, started for a sail on the lake. The lake was calm and as the sun shone on the surrounding hills, I thought I had never seen anything as beautiful. The water is so clear, you can see the bottom with its clean, white sand. After rowing out some distance, we cast anchor and tried our luck at fishing, but in vain. We hoisted sail and started for Emerald Bay where a beautiful waterfall is to be seen. The rain was in the distance and the muttering thunder warned us to return toward shore. I never saw more beautiful clouds, so varied and dropping even on the hill tops. After dinner, bade Lake Bigler adieu and started through pine forests to meet the road. Reached Strawberry Valley. The rocks are piled up in a frightful manner near Slippery Ford, but the water dashing over them makes a beautiful scene. Took a moonlight walk.

Sept. 28th. Arose at seven—too late for the fishing excursion. Walked to the boiling spring. Left at eight—entered Placerville by moonlight. Mr. Choate joining us for tea, brought me the "Life of Rufus Choate."

Sept. 29th. Arose at 5:30. There was a fire during the night. Left Placerville at 8:30 A. M. Arrived Drytown at 8:30 P. M.

NOTES

1. Mr. Hyatt was connected with Spear's Bank, Georgetown.

2. Lauren A. Upson, son of Lauren Upson who came to California in 1851, was engaged in business in Placerville. Later he removed to Sacramento where he took charge of the Sacramento *Union*. Under Lincoln and Johnson he served as United States Surveyor-General, which position he held for six years. He was a twin brother of Warren Upson of Pony Express fame.

3. Daniel L. Choate was born in Maine in 1828. After attending school in Lowell, Massachusetts, he joined a party of '49ers bound for California, sailing from Boston on the bark *Thames*. At Panama the party embarked on board the English brig, *Two Friends*. Choate started immediately for the mines, making Ophir his objective. The following April, he removed to the Yuba, remaining there until the spring of 1851. Unsuccessful in mining, he returned to Ophir and carried on a mercantile business there for seventeen years. Then he removed to San Francisco and opened a dry-goods store on Kearny Street, but a year later he went to San Diego where he located permanently and became one of the most extensive landowners and real estate operators in Southern California. Few men have been a greater force in business development in that section. He passed away in 1899. Daniel Choate's father was a second cousin of Rufus Choate, eminent lawyer and statesman.

4. Lake Bigler, named for California's third Governor, John Bigler, in 1862 was renamed "Tahoe" ("Big Water" or "Water in a High Place").

5. Genoa was named by Judge Orson Hyde for the birthplace of Columbus. Cave-in Mountain reminded him of the harbor at Genoa, Italy. At the time of the discovery of gold, Genoa was called Mormon Station and soon became a leading trading-post as well as a favorite recruiting and resting spot for those en route to California, before they surmounted the last barrier of the Sierra Nevada. Mark Twain dwelt here for a time.

6. S. H. Marlette, a resident of Benicia, California, in 1854 became Surveyor-General of California. He was recognized as California's first road builder. Against many odds, under his direction the road was built over the Sierra to Carson Valley, now the route followed by the State Highway from Sacramento through Placerville to Lake Tahoe,

thence into Nevada. The Virginia City Water Supply comes from Marlette Lake, which was named for him. In order to reach the lake, a tunnel three thousand feet long beneath the dividing ridge of the Tahoe and the Great Basin had to be dug at a cost of two million dollars. When the water reached the Comstock on August 1, 1873, there was great rejoicing.

7. H. D. Hinman, physician and surgeon, lived in El Dorado.

8. Genoa Peak (9,173 feet) is a sharp-pointed mass of bare rock, midway between Dubliss Mountain (named for Duane Bliss and his son of the same name) and Monument Peak (10,085 feet) directly on the state line.

9. Lafayette Maynard was born in Richmond, Virginia. When fifteen years of age, he travelled on foot to Washington and applied to the Secretary of the Navy for permission to enter the Navy as a midshipman. On November 26, 1846, he distinguished himself by saving twenty or thirty lives during a severe storm in Long Island Sound, when the steamer *Atlantic* was driven on the rocks off Long Island. During the Mexican War, he again distinguished himself by devising a plan for scaling the walls of the Castle of San Juan d'Ulloa. In this, the Government lent him aid, although too late to prevent the surrender of the castle and city. In 1849, he came to California on furlough. In 1852 he was ordered to Japan as flag lieutenant on the steamer *St. Mary's*, but he resigned his position to turn his attention to mining and other enterprises. He was one of the original owners of "Meadow Valley" and also a large owner of the Oceanic Quicksilver Mining Company. (See California Historical Society *Quarterly*, XVI, March, 1937, pp. 77-78.)

10. Israel W. Knox, a mining and mechanical engineer, of Knox's Amalgamator Miners' Foundry, was associated with the Golden State & Miners' Iron Works of San Francisco. As a mining expert, he was recognized throughout the State for his skill. The Knox's Improved Steam-Chest Patent Amalgamator for working gold and silver ores was in successful use in several mills in Gold Hill and Silver City.

11. Charles L. Strong was superintendent of the Gould & Curry Mine at this time. He had formerly been a partner in the firm of Le Count & Strong, stationers, San Francisco. When the firm failed, his friends who were then heavily involved in the mines of Virginia City made him superintendent of the Gould & Curry Mill & Mining Co. Gould & Curry stock was then selling at \$4000 a share. At a cost of a million dollars, he built the Gould & Curry Mill in Six-Mile Canyon where the mine's ore was crushed.

12. Dr. Elias B. Harris, a graduate of New York Medical University, reached San Francisco via Panama in 1850. From there he went to Amador County, and finally settled in Ione, then a little hamlet at the head of the valley, where he ran a hotel, store, and also practiced medicine. With the opening of the Washoe mines, he erected one of the first stamp quartz mills in the territory. There have been several claimants to the honor of having started the first mill, but Dr. Harris insisted that his was the first (a nine-stamp rotary) and that he started the machinery with his own hand on August 11, 1860, at 2:00 p. m., in the presence of five hundred people. The Pioneer Mill, built by Almarin Paul, which started the same day, also claims to have the priority. (See Note 16.) On the breaking out of the Civil War, Dr. Harris left for the East and joined the Army. Later, he returned to California, and practiced medicine in Sacramento and Virginia City. He married Miss Anna Isabelle Stevens.

13. Louis McLane, at the age of sixteen, was appointed midshipman in the U. S. Navy. During the Mexican War he served under Col. John C. Fremont in the California Battalion, in which he commanded the artillery company. After his resignation from the Navy in 1850 he was identified with the express business. In 1855 he took charge of the entire interests on the Pacific Coast of Wells Fargo & Co.'s Express. He was one of the original incorporators, shareholders and directors of the Bank of California, the Pacific Insurance Co., the Sacramento Gas Co., the Overland Stage Co., etc., and also took an active interest as owner and incorporator of the California Telegraph Company and the San Francisco Gas Company. When the financiers of the Comstock Lode reached the point of establishing a large banking institution on the Pacific Coast, they chose Louis McLane as the man best fitted to manage the important interests of the concern. An agreement was entered into with Mr. J. C. Flood and his associates, and Mr. McLane was appointed manager of the affairs of the Nevada Bank of San

Francisco, of which he held 2,500 shares of its original capital stock. Mr. and Mrs. McLane lived on Rincon Hill, San Francisco, and took a prominent part in the social life of the city.

14. John A. Collins was a pioneer of 1849. In early days he was a co-worker in the Abolition movement and it was he who first started the Negro, Frederick Douglass, on his famous career. A printer by trade, he worked in the same office with Horace Greeley, but from 1867 on he devoted himself to the practice of law. Mr. Collins was a very prominent man on the Comstock. During the war he was an intense Unionist. In both the two constitutional conventions of Nevada, he was a conspicuous member, and was a leader in debate. Mr. Collins' widow, Mrs. Elizabeth Collins, has recently passed away at Quartz Mountain, Tuolumne County, where she arrived with her parents as a child of four, and passed her entire life in the Mother Lode and in the Comstock region.

15. Captain William L. Dall came to California in 1849 as second officer of the steamship *Oregon*, under Captain R. H. Pearson. For some time he acted as commander of some of the Pacific Mail Steamship Co.'s vessels. Later he was appointed superintendent of the Ophir Mine, which position he held for two years. His health failing, he removed to the East, and became associated with Ben Holladay in the steamship business. When the Mexican Steam Navigation Company was organized, he was appointed vice-president. He died in New York in 1866.

16. Almarin B. Paul, born in Missouri, came to California in 1849. Having been engaged for many years in mining for copper and silver in the Lake Superior region, he brought his knowledge and experience thus acquired to his mining in California. At the beginning of 1851 he worked in the mines in Nevada County; and in July of that year he went to New York in order to interest financiers in the possibilities of quartz mining in California, but was unsuccessful. In 1852, after his return to California, he engaged in business in Sacramento as a merchant, and later went into the real estate business in San Francisco. One of his ventures was the publication of the *True Californian*, an able and fearless advocate of the Vigilantes.

In 1857 he again turned to mining and erected the Oriental Quartz Mill in Nevada County. Mr. Paul was among the first to recognize the value of the discovery of the Comstock mines in Nevada. There he claimed to have erected the first mill, of twenty-four stamps, to work the silver ore. (See Note 12.) In 1861 he was elected president of the Board of Commissioners of Storey County, Nevada. In 1865, he sold his mill and mining interests and entered the banking business at Gold Hill. This he sold to the Bank of California in 1867 and later undertook to develop mines in Inyo County, California. (*Pacific Coast Annual Mining Review and Stock Ledger*, S. F., 1878, pp. 42-43.)

Mr. Paul wrote for the San Francisco *Bulletin* under the pseudonyms, "Clarence," "Almarin," "Junius, Jr.," "Cosmos," and "An Old Californian."

17. John H. Burke was owner of Burke & Co.'s Mill, which was situated at the lower end of Silver City. It was driven by steam, had five stamps with a Grate battery, and two of Brevoort's grinders.

18. John Neeley Johnson came to California in 1849, opening a law office in a tent at Sacramento. In 1850 he was elected city attorney, and was appointed colonel on the staff of Governor McDougal in 1851, and as such was sent to the scene of the Mariposa Indian troubles. He represented Sacramento County in the Assembly in 1853, and was elected governor in September, 1855, serving until January, 1858. Later he was appointed a justice of the Nevada Supreme Court. He died at Salt Lake City in 1872.

19. Captain Edgar Wakeman began his eventful career at ten years of age on a sloop voyage from Albany to New York. Up to 1849, he commanded vessels of all classes to all parts of the world. He passed some months in the placer regions, but returned again to the sea. The country rang with his name when "the gallant Ned Wakeman" left a body of United States marshals at Sandy Hook and steamed the *New World* away from them to California. During the stormy days of the Vigilantes, Captain Wakeman acted as marshal of the organization. In 1870, he left New York with the steamer *D. C. Hawkins* for San Francisco, and a few days out the steamer foundered in a gale off Hatteras. This experience and the exposure in an open boat for several days laid the foundation for the stroke of paralysis from which he never recovered.

CONTINUATION OF THE ANNALS OF SAN FRANCISCO*

Compiled by DOROTHY H. HUGGINS

November 21, 1855, through November 28, 1855

November 21 (*Continued*). The *Bulletin* reported that one of the eye witnesses to the murder of General Richardson took passage in one of the steamers yesterday for the Atlantic States. Last night as Mr. S. H. Bohm of the firm of Simon & Bohm, No. 59 Sacramento Street, was passing near the Oriental Hotel, he was shot at by some person near by, the ball passing completely through his hat. The hat falling off, exposed Mr. Bohm's face to view, when the Assassin coolly remarked, "Beg pardon, sir," and walked on!

The *Daily American*, the "Know Nothing" paper which has been published in this city for some three weeks, did not make its appearance this morning, and it is understood that publication has ceased. Arrangements have been made at the Post Office in Sacramento by which hereafter the morning papers of that city will be dispatched toward their destination by the morning stages, the same conveyances by which the express companies carry them. There is no reason why the Post Office Department in California should not be conducted with the same regularity that express offices are, and no reason why mail matter should not be transmitted with the same dispatch that express matter is. And yet throughout the entire country the Post Office has been proverbial as a "slow coach concern," and on this account and this alone, express companies have sprung up and flourished. The Grand Jury has returned true bills against Captain Blethen, of the steamship *Sierra Nevada*, and Captain Collins, of the *Cortes*, charging them with misdemeanor for carrying a greater number of passengers than the Act of Congress allows.

November 22. Colonel James, counsel for Cora, signified to the Mayor's Court yesterday his readiness to proceed with the preliminary examination of his client. G. B. Tingley and Judge Campbell, council for the prosecution, were also present and prepared to take up the case, but in consequence of the lateness of the hour it was thought best to postpone it until another day, when the action of the Grand Jury yesterday might supersede the necessity of an examination before the Mayor. Since the *Alta California* printed a statement to the effect that the difficulty which resulted in the murder of Richardson arose from Belle Cora's presence at the American Theatre, efforts have been made to disprove the presence of the woman. It is admitted, however, that a disreputable woman occupied a seat in close proximity to the family of General Richardson on Thursday evening last. On Saturday, Mrs. Richardson, being fearful that the affair might become serious, persuaded her husband to leave his pistol at home. Although a pistol was found near the body, it was proved at the Coroner's inquest that General Richardson was unarmed, with the single exception of a dagger. A stirring editorial appeared in the *Bulletin* this evening, headed, "Hang Billy Mulligan." "... Bets are now offered, we have been told, that the editor of the *Bulletin* [James King of William] will not be in existence twenty days longer. . . . Pah! We passed unscathed through worse scenes than the present, at Sutter's Fort, in '48. 'War,' then, is the cry, is it? War between the prostitutes and gamblers, on the one side, and the virtuous and respectable on the other! . . . Gamblers of San Francisco, you have

*This portion of the "Continuation of the Annals of San Francisco" has been adapted from the *Alta California* and the *Daily Evening Bulletin*, November 21, 1855, to November 29, 1855.

made your election, and . . . we are ready on our side for the issues. . . . The Sheriff of this county is an ex-keeper of a gambling hell, his deputy, Burns, the late 'capper' at a 'string game' table . . . Scannell, the 'Oceola House gambler,' is the Sheriff of this county, and the banking house of Palmer, Cook & Co. is his security."

The reason given by the *Bulletin* for its attempts to expose the weakness of Palmer, Cook & Co. is that it is a public bank that holds the public moneys and the people have a right to inquire into and know about the safety of the institution where their money is deposited. "The firm of Palmer, Cook & Co. . . . are not only public bankers, but are a *political* 'institution,' and of such importance has it been heretofore to get their influence in favor of any measure, that without it, success has been almost impossible. Thus it was when for a time they were opposed to Mr. Gwin and in favor of Mr. Broderick; it was *their* money that aided Broderick, and kept the Legislature, week after week, and month after month, fighting and wrangling over the Senatorial question, until Mr. Gwin (and the Lord forbid that he should ever be Senator again), fairly worsted in the contest, gave up, made friends with Palmer, Cook & Co., and acknowledged that Mr. Palmer had prevented his going to Congress. What the nature of the quarrel between Gwin and Palmer, Cook & Co. was, we do not know. . . . This great hydra-headed monster banking firm, which but a few weeks ago was so powerful, has suddenly become impotent and on the verge of bankruptcy. . . . Six weeks ago their tool (jackall, Col. Baker styled him), Mr. A. A. Selover, strutted his portly frame along Montgomery Street *glorying* in the livery he wore as the servant of Palmer, Cook & Co.! And where is Mr. Selover now? Slunk back to his cover in Merchant Street, the jackall waits for the lion again to take the lead. . . . Our position is, that as there is no power to control the county officers, to say where they shall not place their funds, the County Judge should, as provided in the Statute, see that these officers procure additional security for the funds in their possession. And as Palmer, Cook & Co. are the principal security now on those bonds, which security in the event of a suspension of their bank might prove no security at all, we insist on having other security on those bonds."

Charles Layton, who was wounded in the attempt to capture Anatasio Garcia, died of his wounds yesterday. James R. Wall is not wounded as was reported; and Sheriff Keating, of Monterey County, was not killed by Garcia. His cousin, George Keating, was wounded and this fact may have given rise to the report. Garcia has not been captured, and it is now supposed that he had nothing to do with the murder.

Tonight a complimentary benefit to Mr. Martin Simonsen, by his friends and associate artists, was given in Musical Hall, where the lovers and patrons of music had the opportunity of hearing, beside the beneficiary, Signor and Signora Garbato; Mrs. Wheatleigh; Mrs. Voorhees; the celebrated pianist, Mr. G. A. Scott; Signor Manuel Ferrer, the guitarist; McKorkle, the harpist, the Philharmonic Society under the direction of Mr. George Loder, a fine orchestra and a brilliant array of vocal entertainment. Young and enthusiastic, a warm lover of his art and recognized even among the cold judging German musicians of this city as the most promising and scientific man in their ranks, Mr. Simonsen is moreover an "old Californian," having delighted the listening crowds from 1850 to the present day. Simonsen left directly after the concert on a tour which will take him to the East Indies.

November 23. The case of John Melville, charged with the robbery of the "Auction Lunch," on the corner of Sacramento and Washington streets, on the night of the 7th instant, was investigated in the Mayor's Court yesterday, but nothing being determined beyond suspicion, he was dismissed. Thomas Hudson had previously been arrested for the same offence and had been acquitted. Mr. William Mulligan, the present jailer, was approached last evening by a man named Hackett (or Haggert), who offered

him a consideration for the release of the prisoner Cora. Hackett was arrested by Mulligan and locked up in the County Jail, and subsequently was taken to the Station House. His examination was held today before the Mayor's Court; Mr. Carpentier conducting the prosecution and Judge Tilford representing the defendant. From the testimony of Messrs. Mulligan, Gorham, McDonald and Green, it appeared that the prisoner called at the Jail on Thursday (November 22) and asked to speak to Mr. Mulligan privately. Hackett, they stated, understood that Mr. Mulligan was a friend of Cora. Mr. Mulligan became suspicious and took him into custody. The prisoner became confused and made conflicting statements. He first said that he had made a bet with a friend that Mulligan could be bribed; and afterward stated that he had come to offer Mr. Mulligan a consideration for the release of Cora; and then that he had come there to receive a bribe from the friends of Cora, supposing Mulligan to be one. Haggert, it developed, had come down from Solano County on Saturday evening, after the murder, for the purpose of entering into the bonds of matrimony, and had been married on Sunday to a niece of the Reverend Mr. Cummings and was entirely without means to offer a bribe. The Mayor thought it was a very silly affair but did not believe Haggert had any evil intent, and inasmuch as the public mind was considerably excited at the present time, he thought it his duty to send the man before the Grand Jury. His bail was fixed at \$1,000. The United States Branch Mint, in this city, will be closed for three or four weeks succeeding the first of December. This time will be required to make the usual annual settlements, and no deposits of gold dust will be received during the period named. A Washington correspondent writes that a Cabinet meeting has been held to consider the feasibility of a ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien, as proposed by F. M. Kelley, who represents the Inter-Oceanic Canal Company of New York. We understand that Sam Brannan is at present engaged in improving his splendid ranch on the Feather River, opposite Nicolaus. We learn that it is the intention of Mr. Brannan to build a spacious brick house upon the ranch.

November 24. The old wooden tenements of former days of San Francisco are slowly but surely giving way to the more beautiful and substantial structures of brick and stone. A frame building in Commercial Street, below Kearny, is being pulled down preparatory to the erection of a fireproof one. Few of these old relics of the days of '49 are now left in the heart of the city. A gentleman who visited the County Jail recently states that Cora is confined in a cell with upwards of forty pounds of irons on his person and that Sheriff Scannell spends his nights in the Prison. The Grand Jury returned the indictment of Charles Cora for the murder of W. H. Richardson. The true bill was signed by E. R. Carpentier, Acting District Attorney, and endorsed by Henry A. Cobb, foreman of the Grand Jury. A letter appeared in the *Bulletin* commenting upon the action of the Board of Supervisors in ordering paid certain bills of Mr. Scannell, the Sheriff, including \$900 per month for "attendance on the Courts," \$2 each for guarding prisoners conveyed to and from the County Jail, and mileage on every service of a subpoena, though less than a mile is travelled. The charge against James P. Casey, James Farrell and James Mulloy, by John Cooney, for conspiracy to cheat and defraud him of \$1,700 was examined before the Mayor's Court yesterday afternoon and resulted in a dismissal. Cooney and Sam Bates had engaged to have a prize fight, each putting up that sum as forfeit. Cooney had backed out and the stakeholders had paid the money to Bates.

"It would seem that all of Palmer, Cook & Co.'s troubles come on them at the same time," states the *Bulletin*. "It will be recollected that the grand object of Mr. Palmer's visit to the Eastern States was to procure funds, either by sale or loan, on the Bolton & Barron claim or the Mariposa estate, in both of which they are interested. . . . The effort failed . . . and Mr. Palmer had his six months' trip for his pains. And now in

regard to this Mariposa estate in particular. When Col. Fremont was in London, he was offered by some English capitalists one million of dollars for his title to that tract. The payment to be made by a cash advance of \$25,000, and accepted drafts payable in five annual installments for the balance. A Californian, then in London, and who was largely in advance to Col. Fremont on the protested Indian drafts, hastened to him with the offer from a third party to cash the whole amount of five years' drafts, and urged him to accept, as after paying all discounts and brokerages he would have some \$900,000 left. But no . . . instead of thinking of his California creditors and consulting their interests, he thought only of consulting Mr. Wright (of Palmer, Cook & Co.), then in London, and the next day announced his refusal of the princely offer! Mr. Fremont, and with him Palmer, Cook & Co., *misses the flood tide!* . . . Fremont declined the offer, and since that, as far as we have learned, he has received no other. English capitalists, learning afterwards the feeling among the miners on the Mariposa Estate, concluded to drop the affair entirely. . . . Palmer, Cook & Co. have been paying out ever since, in the shape of taxes and other expense . . ." and even though the title has been confirmed, "the Attorney General of the United States has *appealed from the Supreme Court* in such a way as to keep Palmer, Cook & Co. from taking possession. . . . So that instead of having Uncle Sam to back them against the miners, Palmer, Cook & Co. will now have both Uncle Sam and the miners opposed to them."

News was received of the explosion, yesterday morning of the boiler of the steamer *Georgina*, plying between this city and Petaluma, at the landing at Petaluma. Five persons, it is reported, were killed, several seriously wounded (among them, George Frank, G. Bush, and Valentine Iken, passengers, and John Flood, a fireman), and eight or ten are still missing, including Captain Thompson, who was seen on board after the explosion, but has apparently taken himself to parts unknown. Captain Hoyt, U. S. Inspector of Hulls and Steamboats, states that the *Georgina* had no certificate and was running contrary to the law of Congress of August, 1852. For the last three trips there had been no engineer on the steamer, one of the firemen acting in that capacity.

November 24. Stephen Crawley, of the wrecking schooner *Ada*, came to his death twenty-four feet below the surface of the water, in a diving bell, near Rincon Point, although two men were engaged at the time in pumping air to him.

November 25. By virtue of the execution issued in the Superior Court on November 21, in the action of W. J. Miller and another, against Beverly C. Sanders and Charles J. Brenham, Pew No. 109 in Calvary Church, on Bush Street, is to be sold at a sheriff's sale on December 1, according to a notice in the newspapers signed by Sheriff Scannell.

November 26. The *North Californian*, published at Oroville, by Lincoln & Snyder, which made its appearance on the 17th, reports that a company called the Ophir and Feather River Mining and Canal Company, with a capital of \$250,000 or \$350,000, has been organized for the purpose of turning the Feather River out of its course for a distance of about four miles.

The *Bulletin* continues its fearless editorials: "The Committee appointed by the Council . . . assure us they are doing their duty. The facts to be brought to light in their report are startling in the extreme. . . . We do not wish to meddle with the private character of any of these gentlemen, *if they will but do their duty* as officers of the government. . . . With the obscene and disgusting avowals made by Mr. Corser the other night before the Board was called to order, we have nothing to do. . . . But so long as our City Council is cursed with his foul presence, he must not prostitute his official station for the benefit of his associates."

The celebration in honor of the success of the "Allies" in the Crimea took place today. A great number of refreshment stands were temporarily established in and around

South Park, otherwise known as Sebastopol. Each stand was distinguished by some appropriate appellation, as the "Eupatoria," the "Alma," the "Inkermann," etc. One of the most noted among them was the "Malakoff," which seemed to be strongly fortified. The procession formed on Second Street, from Market to Mission, started at 10¼ o'clock, four deep, accompanied by a large concourse of people headed by the French, English and Sardinian flags, followed by the American flag, French and British Consuls, naval officers and invited guests, the band playing appropriate tunes. A salute was fired by the British frigate *Amphitrite*, lying off Rincon Point, and from a battery stationed on the hill above Ship Point. When the procession reached South Park, where an immense tent (230 feet in length) had been erected, the *Te Deum* was chanted by four Catholic clergymen, after which one of them delivered an address in French. At the banquet there were five tables on each side reaching almost the entire length of the pavilion, covered with a profuse supply of eatables, and with a bottle of wine at each plate. A roasted ox, standing, with his horns and all, in the centre passage, had been roasted (by T. B. Faget, Clay Street Market) so skillfully that the hair which was left on from the knees down was still unsinged. There was also a "Malakoff Tower" of cake about twelve feet high. The pavilion was decorated with flowers, evergreens, American, French, British and Sardinian flags, and views of Crimean scenes. About 10,000 persons were present. The whole concern broke up in a general row, started by a band of rowdies. During the absence of Consul Dillon and his family from his house, the Sardinian flag was hauled down by some person unknown. A large concourse of persons marched this evening to the residence of the Russian Consul, who appeared on the balcony and, with his son, a boy of about seven years, as interpreter, expressed his appreciation of the sympathies of the people.

November 27. A "card" signed by Gne. Touchard (French President), Charles W. Wallace (British President), Charles Jas. Hughes (British Vice President) and John Searle (Member of the Committee) appeared in the newspapers, expressing regret that "the untoward occurrence which compelled them to break up the banquet" yesterday "should have so utterly destroyed the pleasure of their guests." The *Bulletin* reported that Mr. Corser, in the meeting of the Board of Aldermen last night, stated that the assertion in the *Bulletin* was "false and damnable, and otherwise expressed his anger and disgust." The editor, "for Mr. Corser's especial benefit" called attention to the fact that the *Bulletin* office is on the southeast corner of Montgomery and Merchant streets.

November 28. The *Bulletin* states that the failure of Palmer, Cook & Co. is fast hastening to a consummation, and that every banker in the city is wisely preparing for any crisis such a circumstance may bring about. The paper also listed the firm's impending liabilities as follows: (1) The old mortgages on record and overdue, \$150,000; (2) their half of the joint loan of \$25,000 with C. K. Garrison, \$12,500; (3) the case of Naglee, the new Receiver (\$20,000 and \$125,000) to be paid in a day or so, \$145,000; (4) the two judgments in the Superior Court (\$20,000 or \$25,000), \$45,000; making a total of \$352,500. Add their liability on the bond of T. Butler King, \$94,000, and we have the sum of \$446,500. "If to this we add the amount on deposit by the County Treasurer and the Sheriff, and the amount that may be due general depositors, we should like to know how many on the dollar Palmer, Cook & Co. can pay? . . . To provide for future events they have, some time since, made over all of their interest in the Government Reserve to Mr. Field, the father-in-law of Mr. Palmer. Their own *sworn* valuation, including their cash capital, real estate, furniture, horses, buggies, and everything, according to the assessors' books, amounts to the sum of \$288,050, the greater part of which is already mortgaged for nearly as much as it would bring in the market.

(To be continued)

WESTERN HISTORY

*A Check List of Recent Items Relating to California and the West**

ALTROCCHI, JULIA COOLEY

The Spanish Basques in California. In *The Catholic World*, Vol. CXLVI, No. 874, January, 1938, pp. 417-24.

BUTTERFIELD, H. M.

[Articles in *The Blue Anchor* (California Fruit Exchange, Sacramento), August, 1937, through January, 1938:]

Early days of California's pear industry.

History of the cherry industry in California.

History of California plum and prune production.

Pioneer days in California's peach industry.

Pioneer days in California's apple industry.

Pioneers in California's fig industry.

CHINARD, GILBERT [ed.]

Le voyage de Lapérouse sur les côtes de l'Alaska et de la Californie. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press, 1937. Historical documents, Institute Français de Washington, Cahier X. [Lii]+144 pp. incl. index, ill.

CLARK, SYDNEY A.

Golden tapestry of California. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company [1937]. xii+315 pp. incl. index.

CLAVIGERO, FRANCISCO JAVIER

The history of [Lower] California. Translated from the Italian and edited by Sara E. Lake and A. A. Gray. Stanford University Press [1937]. xxvii+413 pp. incl. index, port., 2 maps.

CONMY, PETER T.

Public career of David C. Broderick. In *Grizzly Bear*, December, 1937.

——— Lewis and Salvador [Indian guides]. In *Grizzly Bear*, January, 1938.

COULTER, EDITH M. (ed.)

The drawings and letters of Daniel Wadsworth Coit, an artist in El Dorado. [San Francisco:] Printed for the Book Club of California by the Grabhorn Press, 1937. xi+31 pp.+8 plates with 8 leaves of descriptive text. [Plates include 7 views of San Francisco, 1849-51, and 1 of Benicia.]

DAVENPORT, CHARLES B.

Biographical memoir of George Davidson, 1825-1911. Presented to the Academy at the annual meeting, 1937. Washington: National Academy of Sciences, 1937. Port., 31 pp. Biographical Memoirs, Vol. XVIII, Ninth Memoir.

GOSNELL, HARPUR ALLEN

Before the mast in the clippers. Composed in large part of the diaries of Charles A. Abbey kept while at sea in the years 1856 to 1860. New York: The Derrydale Press, 1937. [xi]+283 pp., ill.

HISTORICAL RECORDS SURVEY

Inventory of the county archives of California. No. 22. Marin County (San Rafael). San Francisco: The Historical Records Survey, December, 1937. ii+136 pp. incl. index. [A mimeographed volume prepared by the Historical Records Survey, Division of Women's and Professional Projects, Works Progress Administration.]

*Readers will confer a favor by furnishing out-of-the-way items for notice in this department. We shall cite books, pamphlets, broadsides, magazines, and important newspaper articles of historical value. Send to the Secretary the items themselves or a card with the title written in the form used here.

LAMPSON, ROBIN

San Francisco souvenir. A series of ten California historical sketches in cadence written for original publication on the radio. San Francisco: Wells Fargo Bank & Union Trust Co., 1938.

MARTIN, LAWRENCE

Disturnell's map. Washington: United States Government Printing Office, 1937. Pp. 339-70 of *Treaties and other international acts of the United States of America*, Vol. V, 1937. [Colonel Martin is Chief of the Division of Maps and incumbent of the Chair of Geography, Library of Congress.]

MEYER, CARL

Bound for Sacramento. Travel-pictures of a returned wanderer, translated from the German by Ruth Frey Axe. Introduction by Henry R. Wagner. Claremont, California: Saunders Studio Press, 1938. [xv]+282 pp.

O'CONNOR, GROVER

The story behind St Francis Wood. A narrative . . . commemorating the 25th anniversary of the establishment of St Francis Wood. San Francisco: [St Francis Homes Association] 1937. 13 pp. 12mo.

PACKMAN, ANA BÉGUÉ DE

Early California hospitality. The cookery customs of Spanish California, with authentic recipes and menus of the period. Glendale: The Arthur H. Clark Company, 1938. 182 pp. incl. index and glossary.

PHILLIPS, CATHERINE COFFIN

Through the Golden Gate: San Francisco, 1769-1937. Los Angeles: Sutton House [1938]. xxi+219 pp. incl. index, ills.

PRIETO, GUILLERMO

San Francisco in the Seventies. The city as viewed by a Mexican political exile. Translated and edited by Edwin S. Morby. San Francisco: Printed by John Henry Nash, 1938. xxiii+90 pp., ills.

RICE, L. J.

Tightening a noose to acquire a title. A true story involving the San Bernardino County Court House property. [Los Angeles: Security Title Insurance and Guarantee Company, 1938.] 12 pp., incl., ills.

[ROBINSON, W. W.]

San Pedro and Wilmington. A calendar of events in the making of two cities and the Los Angeles harbor. Los Angeles: Title Guarantee and Trust Company [1937]. [24 pp. incl. 2 maps.]

ROSS, FRANK E.

American adventures in the early marine fur trade with China. 49 pp. Reprinted from the *Chinese Social & Political Science Review* [Peiping, China], July, 1937.

SAN DIEGO FEDERAL WRITERS' PROJECT

San Diego, a California city. Sponsored and published by the San Diego Historical Society [1937]. American guide series. [The first publication of the Federal Writers' Project, Works Progress Administration, State of California.] x+138 pp. incl. index and bibliography, ills., maps.

VOGEL-JØRGENSEN

Peter Lassen of California. En Dansk pioners skæbne og æventyr i wild West. København: Berlingske Forlag, 1937. 216 pp. incl. bibliography, ills.

WAGNER, HENRY R.

The Grabhorn Press. A catalogue of imprints in the collection of Henry R. Wagner. Los Angeles: Privately printed, 1938.

WISTAR, ISAAC JONES

Autobiography of Isaac Jones Wistar, 1827-1905. Half a century in war and peace. Philadelphia: The Wistar Institute of Anatomy and Biology, 1937. vii+528 pp. incl. index, ills., map. [More complete than the privately printed edition of 1914.]

GIFTS RECEIVED BY THE SOCIETY

December 1, 1937 through February 28, 1938

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS

From MISS LUCY H. ALLYNE—*Our boys in blue; a souvenir*, S. F. [1898?].

From MR. ALBERT M. BENDER—Burgess, Gelett, *Ballad of the Hyde Street Grip*; Coulter, Edith M. (ed.), *The drawings and letters of Daniel Wadsworth Coit, an artist in El Dorado*, S. F., 1937; Harte, Bret, *Two lost ballads of San Francisco*, n. d.

From MR. ALLEN L. CHICKERING—*Who's Who in America*, 1934-1935; Wistar, Isaac Jones, *Autobiography of Isaac Jones Wistar*, 1827-1905, Phila., 1937.

From MR. CHARLES B. DAVENPORT—Davenport, Charles B., *Biographical memoir of George Davidson, 1825-1911*, Wash., 1937.

From MISS ELLINOR C. DAVIDSON—Davenport, Charles B., *Biographical memoir of George Davidson, 1825-1911*, Wash., 1937.

From MR. NATHAN A. DODGE—*Memorial of William C. Ralston*, S. F., 1875.

From MR. WILLIAM WARREN FERRIER—Ferrier, William Warren, *Ninety years of education in California*, Berkeley [1937].

From MISS JULIA GEORGE—Kimball, Charles P., *The San Francisco city directory, Sept. 1, 1850* (reprint).

From THE HISTORICAL RECORDS SURVEY, Works Progress Administration Historical Records Survey, *Inventory of the county archives of California. No. 22. Marin County (San Rafael)*, S. F. [mimeographed] 1937.

From MRS. ALMERA H. McKEON—San Diego Federal Writers' Project, Works Progress Administration, State of California, *San Diego; a California city* (American guide series), San Diego [1937].

From COLONEL LAWRENCE MARTIN—Martin, Lawrence, *Disturnell's map*, Wash., 1937.

From MR. FRANK E. ROSS—*American adventures in the early marine fur trade with China*, [Peiping, China] 1937.

From ST FRANCIS HOMES ASSOCIATION—O'Connor, Grover, *The story behind St Francis Wood*, S. F., 1937.

From STANFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS—Clavigero, Francisco Javier, *The history of (Lower) California*, Stanford University [1937].

From MR. HENRY R. WAGNER—Allen, Edward Weber, *North Pacific: Japan, Siberia, Alaska, Canada*, N. Y., 1936; Anderson, Charles Roberts (ed.), *Journal of a cruise to the Pacific Ocean, 1842-1844, in the frigate UNITED STATES. With notes on Herman Melville*, Durham, 1937; Chinard, Gilbert, *Le voyage de Lapérouse sur les côtes de l'Alaska et de la Californie* (1786), Baltimore, 1937; Fielding, Harriet Chapin, *The ancestors and descendants of Isaac Alden and Irene Smith* [East Orange, 1903]; Gorby, John S., *A pictorial story of transportation in the Southwest*, L. A.: Automobile Club of Southern California, 1930; Meyer, Carl, *Bound for Sacramento. Travel-pictures of a returned wanderer*, Claremont, 1938; Rice, L. J., *Tightening a noose to acquire a title. . . . San Bernardino County Court House property* [L. A., 1938]; [Robinson, W. W.], *San Pedro and Wilmington. A calendar of events in the making of two cities and the Los Angeles harbor*, L. A. [1937]; Wagner, Henry R., *The Grabborn Press. A catalogue of imprints in the collection of Henry R. Wagner*, L. A., 1938; Wistar, Isaac Jones, *Autobiography of Isaac Jones Wistar, 1827-1905*, Phila., 1937.

PICTURES AND MISCELLANEOUS

From MISS LUCY H. ALLYNE—Circular of Central Pacific Railroad regarding meals on the train; Program of Mechanics' Institute Fair, 1887 (on a paper napkin); Shipping label of Keane Bros.

From MR. ALBERT M. BENDER—Oil paintings (2) painted in 1859 by Frederick Butman: Hunter's Point and Chinese Fishing Village, San Francisco; Photographs (3 in one frame) of Ambrose Bierce; Plaque: head of Mark Twain.

From MISS JULIA GEORGE—Certificates (4): 3 from District Court of San Joaquin Co., the Superior Court of Calif. and the U. S. Circuit Court, admitting Julius George to practice law; 1 a declaration of homestead for S. F. property.

From MR. A. HERSCHIN—Printed reproduction of painting "Golden Hind," by Gregory Robinson.

From NATIONAL SOCIETY OF COLONIAL DAMES—Cuts (4) of San Francisco homes.

From MR. F. B. PRIEST (through Mr. Leonard E. Wood)—Expense statement, letters (4) and receipt, written by A. P. Bessey to Silas Peircé & Co., Boston, in 1848, 1852, 1860, 1862 and 1864.

From MISS LOTTIE G. WOODS—"At Home" card of Horatio King and family, Jan. 3, 1874; Souvenir of San Francisco fire of 1906.

MEETINGS OF THE SOCIETY

THE ANNUAL meeting of the California Historical Society was held in the Sir Francis Drake Hotel on January 28, 1938. After luncheon and the election of directors, the meeting was addressed by Mrs. Julia Cooley Altrocchi, on the subject, "Quest for Pioneers."

From the pioneers and early residents whom she met in her travels around the State, Mrs. Altrocchi had gathered many stories of interesting adventures regarding overland journeys to the West and life in early California, which she retold. In Sacramento, she heard tales of trips across the plains by two old ladies, one of whom was born on the journey "somewhere along the Platte not far from Salt Lake City (sic)." She interviewed a Mr. Warren Woodson, in Red Bluff, who in 1864 drove two ox-teams there from New York State. On this long trip of seven months was also Mrs. Mary Brown, widow of John Brown of Harper's Ferry fame, who, together with her children, settled in Red Bluff, whose citizens in 1865 gave her a home at 135 Main Street, which is still standing. In Vacaville, Mrs. Altrocchi talked with Mrs. Lyon, born in 1849, a daughter of the Vacas, who told of the fiestas she attended as a girl. Mrs. Lyon knew Concepcion Argüello, whom she remembers as being very beautiful and lovely, with auburn hair. Other pioneers recalled Murieta and Vasquez, who, although on their way to becoming heroes, were described by one old-timer as "nothing but cut-throat greasers."

One man remembered James Marshall as a "bedraggled edition of General William Tecumseh Sherman." Mrs. Altrocchi feels that these tales of life and adventure are as precious as golden nuggets.

Sixty members and guests heartily applauded the speaker's sparkling and amusing talk.

LOIS H. McVEIGH.

The Annual Business Meeting of the Society was held during the luncheon of Friday, January 28, 1938. Upon motion, the reading of the minutes of the last meeting was dispensed with. The following Directors were re-elected for the year 1938: Albert M. Bender, Anson S. Blake, Allen L. Chickering, Robert E. Cowan, Templeton Crocker, George Ezra Dane, Aubrey Drury, Sidney M. Ehrman, Alfred I. Esberg, Mrs. John O. Gantner, A. T. Leonard, Jr., Stuart L. Rawlings, Mrs. Daniel Volkmann, Douglas S. Watson, and Ernest A. Wiltsee.

The Secretary and Treasurer read his report for the year 1937, as follows:

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY AND TREASURER

For the Year Ending December 31, 1937

MEMBERSHIP

The year has resulted in a net gain of 43 members. We had 509 members at the beginning of the year 1937. During the year we elected to membership 67 (1 patron, 66 active), and reinstated 3 former members. There resigned during the year 15; died during the year, 9; and dropped for non-payment of dues, 3; leaving 552 members as of December 31, 1937. One active member was transferred to patron membership during the year.

MEETINGS

Seven Directors' meetings were held during the year, and the Society held eight luncheon meetings, the first of which included the annual business meeting. The luncheon meetings were as follows:

Jan. 22—"Working for Wells Fargo in 1863 and 1864." Mr. Anson S. Blake.

Feb. 16—"Lincoln's Chief-of-Staff, Henry Wager Halleck." Milton H. Shutes, M.D.

Mar. 16—"A Chapter in the Early Life of Thomas O. Larkin." Robert J. Parker, Ph.D.

May 18—"Historical Flags of California." Mr. Phil Townsend Hanna.

June 15—"Twenty-four Minutes in El Dorado." Mr. G. W. Wickland, of the Wells Fargo Bank and Union Trust Co.

Aug. 17—"Edward Vischer and His First Visit to California in 1842." Professor Erwin G. Gudde.

Sept. 21—"Recent Visits to Old Ranchos." Mrs. Theodore J. Hoover.

Oct. 19—"Prince Paul of Württemberg's Journeys in America." Charles L. Camp, Ph.D.

GIFTS AND LOANS

For gifts and loans of books, pamphlets, pictures, maps, and other historical items, during the year 1937, we are indebted to the following:

Automobile Association of Southern California, Miss Anna W. Beaver, Mr. Albert M. Bender, Mr. Edwin T. Blake, Mr. Fred J. Bowlen, Mr. E. A. Burbank, Calaveras Cement Company, California State Automobile Association, Mrs. Edward H. Clark, Mrs. E. D. Coblentz, Mr. Roger P. Dalton, Miss Eleanor M. Davenport, Mrs. Harriet de Mari, Mrs. Ernest A. Denicke, Dr. J. F. Detweiler, Miss Sadie I. Everett, Mrs. Luke Fay, Franciscan Educational Conference, Grass Valley *Morning Union*, Prof. Erwin G. Gudde, Mrs. Jerome A. Hart, Mr. A. Herschin, Mr. L. A. Hopkins, Mr. J. S. Hutchinson, Mr. Thomas Kearny, Miss Florence R. Keene, A. T. Leonard, Jr., M.D., Mrs. Grace Lightner, Mr. Reinhard H. Luthin, Mr. A. S. Macdonald, Mr. Douglas C. McMurtrie, Mr. J. W. Mailliard, Jr., Mrs. A. Mausshardt, Mr. E. Cromwell Mensch, National Art Galleries of San Francisco, Inc., Newberry Library, Norwegian-American Historical Association, Occidental College, Mr. Edward F. O'Day, Mr. and Mrs. Silas H. Palmer, Commander John E. Pond, U.S.N., Mr. Albert A. Rosenshine, Mrs. H. C. Rothwell, Russian Historical Society of America, San Diego Historical Society, Miss Louise Siebe, Mrs. John G. Simpson, Stanford University Press, Mrs. J. Sultan, Mr. D. Q. Troy, University of California Press, Mr. H. R. Wagner, Mr. Robert Walsh, Mr. Douglas S. Watson, Mr. Ridley Watts, Wells Fargo Bank and Union Trust Co., *Western Morning News*, of Plymouth, England, Mrs. Charles S. Wheeler, Miss Zoë G. Williams, Mr. Ernest A. Wiltsee, Mr. J. L. Wolff, Miss Lottie G. Woods, Works Progress Administration (Historical Records Survey), Zamorano Club (through Mr. Garner A. Beckett).

The Society was indebted to Mr. Henry R. Wagner for calling our attention to the opportunity to purchase the collection of our late Director, Frederick C. Clift. Members of the Society subscribed generously to a fund to purchase this collection and to devote any surplus to the cost of moving into the new quarters. As the list of contributors to this fund has already been published in the *Quarterly*, it is not spread on this minute.

Supplementing the foregoing statistical review of the Society's affairs, it is fitting to note that the year has been an eventful one for the Society in matters that are not reflected by statistics. Certain members of this Society were responsible for the acquisition of the Drake Plate of Brass, which was brought to light early in the year. A luncheon meeting at which the discovery was made public marked the highest attendance at any function of the Society. The plate has been given into the keeping of the University of California.

Negotiations were initiated during the year for the removal of the Society's quarters to Pioneer Hall, at 456 McAllister Street, and a lease was consummated. The move itself will occur tomorrow. The Society will occupy the easterly half of the two-story building at that location, which is in the Civic Center of the City of San Francisco.

The Society participated in the effort to maintain as a memorial park a portion of Laurel Hill Cemetery containing the monuments of a great number of the early citizens of San Francisco.

The Board of Directors at its December meeting amended the By-laws of the Society, creating a new form of membership known as a Sustaining Membership; and while this occurred last year, to be effective this year, it is not unfitting to note that a very gratifying response to the change has taken place.

FINANCIAL

COMPARISON OF RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS FOR THE YEARS 1937 AND 1936

RECEIPTS	1937	1936
Dues	\$6,695	\$6,105
Contributions	1,985	1,325
Sales	2,280	905
Sundry	20	50
	<u>\$10,980</u>	<u>\$8,385</u>
EXPENDITURES		
Salaries	\$2,910	\$2,605
Rent	1,800	1,800
Other Operating Expenses	490	525
Exhibitions and Luncheons	190	235
Quarterly Publication	2,500	2,425
Other Publication Costs	1,445	490
Equipment and Furniture	-----	120
Clift Collection	890	-----
	<u>10,225</u>	<u>8,200</u>
EXCESS OF RECEIPTS OVER EXPENDITURES	\$ 755	\$ 185

COMPARATIVE BALANCE SHEET

As at December 31, 1937 and 1936

ASSETS	December 31, 1937	December 31, 1936
Cash—Wells Fargo Bank and Union Trust Company:		
Commercial Account	\$ 901.75	\$ 401.07
Savings Account	611.32	1,000.71
Petty Cash Fund	10.00	10.00
Accounts Receivable	11.82	36.56
Inventory of Publications	1,281.15	608.25
	<u> </u>	<u> </u>
Total Assets	\$2,816.04	\$2,056.59
LIABILITIES		
California State Sales Tax Payable \$	5.16	\$ 8.77
Pioneer Miner and Trask Map	8.50	5.36
Spanish Voyages	15.00	10.00
	<u> </u>	<u> </u>
Total Liabilities	28.66	24.13
FUNDS		
General Fund	\$ 709.11	\$ 396.87
Publications Fund	1,946.35	1,635.59
Clift Fund	131.92	-----
	<u> </u>	<u> </u>
Total Funds	\$2,787.38	\$2,032.46

The books have been audited by Mr. Francis P. Farquhar and the detailed audit is on file.

Respectfully submitted,

ANSON S. BLAKE,

Secretary and Treasurer.

In Memoriam*

ANNA WHEATON BEAVER

1852-1937

The Society lost a valued member in the death of Anna Wheaton Beaver, on December 7, at her apartments, 1940 Broadway, San Francisco.

Miss Beaver was born in San Francisco, June 1, 1852. Her parents were George Washington Beaver and Mary Miller Beaver, who came to San Francisco in 1851 from Circleville, Ohio, by way of the Panama route. Her first home was a cottage, referred to in the early days as one of the "Howard Cottages," which had been shipped in sections around the Horn from Boston. This first home of the Beaver family was on Minna Street, between First and Second streets. Shortly thereafter, the Beaver family moved to the south side of Market Street, between Fifth and Sixth streets (approximately fifty feet west from where Hale Brothers' store now stands). With the growth of commerce along Market Street, the family moved to the northeast corner of Taylor and Washington streets, which dwelling was destroyed by fire in 1906.

Miss Beaver was the oldest of seven children, three brothers and four sisters—George Lincoln, Kate Woodward, Ethel, Frederick Hope, Mary Miller and William Miller—all of whom she survived.

Her friends characterized her as being deeply religious, kindly, generous and outspoken, and possessing a fine mind and broadly cultivated tastes. She was a graduate of Vassar College. San Francisco was always her home, although she traveled extensively. As an outstanding San Franciscan she was helpful to a wide circle of friends and was unusually active in the civic and social life. She was affiliated with the Ladies Protective and Relief Society and served on the Board for fifty-three years, being president of the organization for over half that time. Her interests included the Red Cross, the Town and Country Club, the Century Club, the San Francisco Garden Club, Young Women's Christian Association, the San Francisco Opera and the San Francisco Symphony.

Miss Beaver is survived by four nieces and three nephews: George L., Mary A. and Mildred Beaver, children of the deceased brother, George. Mrs. John E. Cushing, Frederic H., Mrs. Horace D. Van Sicklen, and Peter P. Beaver are children of her deceased brother Frederic, all of whom reside in San Francisco.

Miss Anna W. Beaver represented a generation which is rapidly passing, and a type of citizen San Francisco can ill afford to lose.

EDGAR M. KAHN.

*In addition to those included here, we have learned of the deaths of the following members: Mrs. Frances Rand Smith, of Palo Alto; Mr. Fred T. Elsey, of San Francisco; and Mr. W. B. Stephens, of Mexico City. Up to the time of going to press, obituary articles concerning them had not been received.

WILLIAM ALVIN BOWEN
1877-1937

The Society has lost one of its most eminent members in the death September 18, 1937, of William Alvin Bowen. Mr. Bowen was born in Baltimore, May 15, 1877, the son of an attorney, Jesse N. Bowen, and of Mary Amanda (Hall) Bowen. He received his degree as LL.B. at the University of Maryland in 1898, and immediately began the practice of the law in his father's office. In 1904 he removed to Los Angeles where he continued in the practice of the law, being a member of the firm of Flint and MacKay for over twenty years. In 1932 he was the attorney for the Tenth Olympiad and a member of the Committee. The last important work which he concluded was as special master in chancery in the matter of the reorganization of the Richfield Oil Company. His report was so comprehensive and so convincing that it was adopted almost in toto by the judge of the federal court in charge of the matter.

He was the author of a number of children's books, several of which were published by Macmillan. He was a member of several Bar Associations, of both the California and Southern California Historical societies, and of the Zamorano Club of Los Angeles, whose members deeply regret his untimely passing.

HENRY R. WAGNER.

KENNETH R. KINGSBURY
1876-1937

To those who knew Kenneth R. Kingsbury no words are necessary to keep alive their beautiful memory of him. It is rather for readers of the *Quarterly* in the years to come, who may look in the index for the name of K. R. Kingsbury, that this brief biographical sketch of him, who was one of the outstanding men in the community of our time, is intended.

Born on January 22, 1876, Kenneth Raleigh Kingsbury was in his sixty-second year when he passed away suddenly in the Canal Zone on November 22, 1937, while on a trip for a rest on the Grace Line steamer *Santa Paula*. He was a native of Columbus, Ohio, but spent the last twenty-five years of his life in San Francisco. A Princeton graduate of the Class of 1896, he had intended to make mining engineering his life's work. Fortunately for the petroleum industry of this country and, it may well be added, for that of the world at large, his life's work was diverted to the oil business by an accidental employment in 1897. Starting on the lowest rung of the ladder, he climbed steadily and with marked rapidity. So pronounced was his ability that in 1919, at the age of forty-three, he became president of the Standard Oil Company of California—the youngest president the company has ever had—and

continued in that position for eighteen years, up to the very time of his death.

He had a strong, energetic personality and was an executive of rare and conspicuous ability, taking an earnest and serious cognizance of all of the Company's conditions which affected the happiness and welfare of the thousands of its employees. For the full period of his presidency, the beneficial influence of his broad and far-sighted policies was felt in every one of the Company's many departments and in every branch and direction of its vast affairs in the United States and in other countries. Its growth and prosperity are a tribute to his wise guidance.

Without enumerating the many boards and public offices with which he was connected, it may well be said that a number of important civic undertakings owed their success to his generous and wholehearted participation in their affairs. Among those which, in San Francisco alone, will prove lasting monuments to his memory are the Veterans Building and the Opera House in the San Francisco Civic Center, created by the Board of Trustees of the War Memorial of San Francisco, of which he was president. At the time of his death he was chairman of the Finance Committee of the 1939 Golden Gate International Exposition and one of the four members of the Board of Management. The Exposition is fortunate in having had his assistance in formulating and developing the financial principles by which it is to be governed. His social contacts were many, and he had a host of loyal and devoted friends. The community in which he lived, the State of California, and the whole country have mourned his early going. He is survived by his widow, Mary Bell Kingsbury.

ALFRED SUTRO.

WALTER ROTHCHILD
1882-1937

The unexpected death of Walter Rothchild came as a shock to the legal profession and business community of San Francisco. He passed away in Brussels, Belgium, on November 19, 1937, from a heart ailment, while on a European trip which he had taken for recreation and much-needed rest.

Walter Rothchild, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Rothchild, formerly of Kentucky, was born in Pendleton, Oregon. After his parents removed to San Francisco, he attended Lowell High School, graduating in 1898. His higher education he pursued at the University of California and the Hastings College of the Law.

In 1903 he entered the law offices of Garret McEnerney. Mr. Rothchild rendered valuable service to the fruit packing industry. The recognition of his talents led to his entry in 1921 into the important firm of Rosenberg Bros.

and Company, whose vice-president and general counsel he became in 1923. Upon the death of Max Rosenberg, in 1931, he succeeded to the Presidency, which position he held up to the time of his death. He was one of the directing minds of the California Dried Fruit Association. Rothchild was also a director of the American Trust Company.

His friends characterized him as a man with extraordinary capacity for hard work, possessing brilliant legal talents and showing sound business judgment. As the principal director of the Rosenberg Foundation, a charitable organization, much of his time was devoted to philanthropy.

Mr. Rothchild was unmarried and left no immediate family. With his death the California Historical Society has lost a loyal member, and the community, a generous soul, intimately identified with its welfare.

EDGAR M. KAHN.

CORRECTION

Dr. Milton H. Shutes has called attention to an error on page 307, line 10, in his article on "Fighting Joe" Hooker which appeared in the December *Quarterly*. Dr. Shutes writes: "The name Cañon City should read Canyonville."